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See no 22478

EMIGRATION

OR

NO EMIGRATION.

FACTS FOR EMIGRANTS.

BELFAST:

W. & G. BAIRD, PRINTERS, ARTHUR STREET.

1874.

THE HISTORY OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY

TO THE FARMERS, FARM LABOURERS, AND SERVANT GIRLS OF IRELAND.

My object in publishing this pamphlet is to ask you to decide for yourselves who is your best friend—the man who advises you to emigrate, not because he does not love Ireland, but because your comfort and independence are of more interest to him than his love for Irish soil—or the men who, for their own purposes, advise you to remain in your native land in beggary. I give you the letters of those who are opposed to emigration, as much as they write about Canada, taking from the long-winded letters of an eccentric old gent' man what he writes about the States, and what has as much connection with Canada as China or Japan. The correspondence commenced, as you may see, by my questioning the assertion of the editor of the *News-Letter*, when in an editorial he said that “if you worked as hard here as you would have to do in Canada, you could attain to as good positions.” Please bear in mind, this was the commencement, for you may see that when I proved that the farmers of Ireland could not afford to pay the wages paid by Canadian farmers, *owning*, free of all rent, from 200 to 700 acres, my opponents changed their tactics, and attacked the climate of Canada. When I proved from the health returns of the British army, and from the bills of mortality, that Canada is a much healthier country than this, the only reply I received was a statement of the rate of mortality in New York, which, as a gentleman who had lived in Canada, very truly said, had as much to do with the climate of Canada as the climate of Hindostan has to do with the Province of Ulster.

Failing in proving any of their statements, they latterly became offensive, and judging me by themselves, insinuated that I advised my countrymen to leave their homes simply for the sake of gain, forgetting, or *pretending* to forget, that I proved all my assertions by letters from emigrants to their relatives. As proof of the extremity to which they were driven, they published with a great flourish a letter from an Aberdeen farmer, which, I venture to say, you will agree with me, is the most ridiculous story ever copied into a newspaper. A more stupid blundering lie never was concocted by any man fit to be at large; no wonder, I said, that the *manufacturer* of such a story should be in a lunatic asylum.

You will know what value to put upon the letters of "One Who Has Travelled In Canada." He finds fault with Canada, because it has a *clear* atmosphere! and because men cannot drink without the risk of *delirium tremens*! Now, if any of you contemplate going to Canada in order to indulge in cheap whiskey, I beg of you, by the love I have for Canada, stay at home. Canadian whiskey is cheap, but you are certain to get *delirium tremens* if you drink it, same as if you drink Irish whiskey. The same writer warns Canadian farmers that if they give £36 or £40 a year and board to their labourers, they will soon be in the Bankruptcy court. How considerate? how kind? to warn the simple Canadians! He is nearly as solicitous about their welfare as about the welfare of Irishmen; and yet wishing to do good by stealth, he does not give his name! Then we have "Patriot," who would get up a fund to publish the correspondence on "Emigration or No Emigration," and he, too, not willing that his "right hand should know what his left doeth," withholds his name. There is nothing in "Patriotism" to be ashamed of; therefore, it must be the extreme modesty of these writers which caused them to write anonymously. But yet it is possible, that if we scratched the "Patriotism" we might find self interest in the form of cheap labour, beneath the skin; and, if we had the name of "One Who Has Travelled In Canada," we might find him an employer of labour in Belfast, to whom Emigration means increased wages. Can any of these writers shew me a man in Ireland who commenced as a farm labourer, and who now owns 100 acres of land? I can shew them hundreds in Canada who are proud to tell that they landed at Quebec with a few shillings in their pocket, and can now point to their splendid well-stocked farms. I defy these anonymous writers to get me the second generation of farm labourers in Canada, for the farm labourer in a few years becomes the *owner* of a farm, and the employer of labourers. Have farm labourers in Ireland any prospect but the workhouse when they become too old to work? I have been in the farm labourers' cabins in Canada, and saw the pig hung up, and the barrel of flour in the corner, for the use of the family; and better than all, the man who owned the cabin told me that in two years he expected to own his own farm. I have seen the farmers' wives buy their 30lbs. cattie of tea, the box of raisins, and other goods in proportion. I have seen them drive to their places of worship with their two-horse machine, and plated harness. On a late occasion, I was told by a J.P. of the County Cavan, that he had seen a letter from a man, who, before he left Ireland, was one of the poorest farmers, in a very poor district, and that the account he gave of Canada, was such, that he believed if it were published, there would not be a small farmer in the locality he left, in six months; but he said he would take very good care I would not get the letter.

Now is it very cruel of me to advise you to go to such a country? Do you think so? Why take the story of the supposed Aberdeen farmer, and, for the sake of argument, suppose it true. What have we? A young college educated man, commencing to farm with £150, and in fifteen years he has one farm worth £1,000. This, mind you, after paying enormous fees to doctors, ten times the fees ever paid by any other person in Canada, after the loss of sheep and oxen. Now, how many of you have made £1,000 in 15 years, out of £150 capital? And this is the story which requires no comment to make you all shun Canada!

I wrote far more strongly in favour of Canada before I dreamed of being engaged as emigration agent than I did since my appointment, simply because I saw the independence of men who left my native country—labouring men—and who, if they had remained in Ireland, would be labouring men as long as they were able to work, and after that—the workhouse; and because when I asked these men, did you write home your experience of Canada? and got the reply—"No, Mr. Foy, we did not; for, if we did, it would not be believed, and if our neighbours in Ireland won't come and see for themselves, let them remain in poverty—they deserve no better." I was determined that the people of Ireland should hear of the advantages of emigration to Canada, and wrote letters on Canada to the *Daily Express*, Dublin, and other of the leading journals of Ireland. When the Government decided upon sending emigration agents to Europe, I wrote to the Canadian press, expressing a hope that the North of Ireland would not be neglected, and offering to go if no better representative offered. This is the history of my coming here to encourage emigration to Canada, and I am proud and thankful to be able to tell you that my greatest reward is the knowledge that I have sent thousands of my countrymen from dependence and beggary to independence and happiness. I expect, when I pay a visit to Canada soon, to be the welcome guest of numbers who, I am sure, will shew me with pride their comfortable well-stocked houses; therefore, I care nothing for the attacks of self-interested, self-called patriots!

I will give you the opinions of a few independent writers on Canada, and leave the correspondence for your own judgments, and I am much mistaken if you do not see through the pretended love of country and countrymen, of the anonymous writers in the *News-Letter*. Dr. MacCormick writes over his own name, but he writes nearly altogether about the States, with which, as I before said, I have nothing whatever to do.

Marshall says—"The virgin soil of the country is ordinarily so rich that the settler finds no inducement to treat it with consideration. Wheat crops are frequently raised in constant succession, and with little or no diminution of return for over a

dozen of years. Farm manure is frequently thrown away to save the trouble of carrying it to the land."

The same writer gives an account of a District Agricultural Fair held in London, Province of Ontario, and says—"The fair was held for three days toward the end of September. Nearly ten thousand persons passed within the grounds, during the last day. The scene presented a fair picture of prosperity, content, and advancement. The stalwart, burly, jovial farmers would have compared favourably with any similar gathering in the old country. Their wives, plainly dressed, absorbed in examining improved butter churns and wringing machines, looked cheerful and well to do. The daughters, plump and rosy cheeked, daintily trimmed from feather to shoe-buckle, casting demure glances from the calves and sheep among the crowd, in search of acquaintances, seemed the very models of young housewives to make a new farm complete—as many of the tall young farmers, in cut-away coats, and astonishing caps, evidently concluded. There appeared little danger, I thought, of the farming lands being less well-managed by the new generation."

Lord Sydenham says—"I am delighted to have seen this country. You can conceive nothing finer. The most magnificent soil in the world, four feet of vegetable mould—a climate certainly the best in North America—the greater part of it admirably watered. In a word, there is land enough, and capabilities enough, for many millions of people, and in one of the best parts of the world."

Another writer, MacMullan, says—"The present condition of Canada points to a future national greatness of no ordinary magnitude. Her inland seas and noble rivers have already become the highways of a vast and rapidly increasing commerce; and the morning voice of a new nation resounds over a scene as varied as it is beautiful. In the foreground stand the populous cities and flourishing towns, which stud the margins of her rivers, and the shores of her lakes; in the perspective, repose the free and happy homes of her rural population. The farmer is the owner in fee-simple of the soil he tills, and rejoices in an independence of the most sturdy and complete character. In the various industrious professions, enterprise, economy, and prudence rarely fail to secure success, while in numberless instances they have been the avenues to wealth. This country abounds with merchants and manufacturers, who have been eminently successful; and every-day experience presents to our notice, mechanics that have won their way to positions alike, well merited and honourable. Social equality prevails in Canada. The most elevated in condition cannot afford to disregard a neighbour, however humble, and finds that an affable demeanour

and coarteous manners are indispensably necessary to a comfortable intercourse with the community in which he resides. Abundance of employment, and well-paid labour, raises even the ordinary working man—if he is at all industrious—above the accidents of want, and imparts to him a feeling of genuine independence. As a necessary consequence of this state of things, serious crime is very rare in the rural districts, and a few rustic constables suffice to preserve order, while assize courts are frequently held at county towns, representing an adjoining population of from fifty to eight thousand souls, at which the criminal calendar does not contain half-a-dozen names. At the same time, Canada has neither poor laws nor poor houses. The majority of the agricultural population of Ontario may be regarded as a body of small gentleman farmers, who possess comfortable homes, eat and drink the fat of the land, dress well, and ride to church and market in handsome spring waggons and carriages; but who at the same time, owing to the high value of labour, are obliged to aid in working their own estates. The progress of this class during the last twenty years, in acquiring all the solid comforts, and not a few even of the luxuries of life, has been very great. Agricultural labour—saving machines have materially lightened their toil, and enabled them to devote more time to the improvements of their farms and their houses."

As to climate, hear what Dr. Philpot, Assistant Surgeon to Her Majesty's forces in the Crimea and Turkey, says—"Canada is, without doubt, an exceptionally healthy country. I do not hesitate to make this statement after an experience of seven years in the Colony, engaged in an extensive medical practice. The most common complaint among the settlers is simple functional derangement of the digestive organs, mainly attributable to the habit of eating in too great a hurry, and occupying themselves with severe manual labour immediately after meals. Canadians, as a rule, live well. Meat, vegetables, puddings, tarts, dried fruits, plenty of cheese, milk, eggs, and butter, being supplied in abundance at all their meals. The per centage of death from pulmonary consumption is far lower than in England. In the Lake Superior country it is almost unknown. As a race, the Canadians are fine, tall, handsome, powerful men, well built, active, tough as a pine-knot, 'and bearded like pards.' The good food upon which they have been brought up appears to develop them to the fullest proportion of the genus man."

Now, this is the country which I have the honour of representing; this is the country I am anxious that you should go to; it is within a few days' sailing of Ireland; it is a land which is crying out for hands to till her soil.

"There a waste of noble lands
 Teems with good ungathered bread;
 Here a waste of noble lands
 Longs to work, and to be fed;
 Turn the hands upon the land—
 Nothing more do I demand."

If you prefer independence and plenty to penury and servility, you will not, I think, take long in deciding whether to go or to remain here. If you decide on remaining, you need not complain of poverty, as the fault will be your own. I have done my duty by telling you where you could find "wealth for honest labour."

CHARLES FOY.

Canadian Government Emigration Department,
 Offices—11, Claremont Street, Belfast,
 June, 1874.

ADVANTAGES OF EMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—In an article on emigration in the *News-Letter* of this day you say, "It is pretty certain, as a rule, if they (emigrants) had toiled as much in the land of their birth the majority of them would have fared as well in the end."

Now, though my duty is to encourage emigration to Canada, for which I am paid by the Dominion Government, I can say, with all sincerity, that if I thought labouring men, small farmers, and servant girls could do as well in my native as in my adopted country, I would at once admit Othello's occupation gone, and would return to Canada; but knowing that they cannot, and not being able to see "the good time coming," when I might expect they could, I advise the classes I have mentioned to emigrate, and I tell them that nothing short of *madness* or *laziness* can keep them toiling in this country for a mere *existence*, when ten or twelve days will bring them to a country where industry and frugality are sure to earn independence. I engage farm labourers at £40 a year and their board. At present I want a ploughman for a friend, and I would advance his passage, and give him a year's engagement at the wages I have named. Can the farmers of Ireland, as a rule, afford these wages? But what is of infinitely more importance—in a few years the labourer in Canada becomes the *owner* of a farm. Can you give me any reason for hoping this will ever be the case in Ireland? I love the "green hills" of Ireland, and agree with you that nowhere in the world will the Irish emigrants see hills as green as those they leave behind. But a beautiful landscape will not give good meat three times daily to the farm-labourer—will not enable him to become the owner of a good farm, acknowledging no superior but his Creator. I am in receipt, by every mail, of money forwarded from friends in Canada to send out relatives, and even acquaintances. What better proof that they have proven the advantages their friends can have in Canada. By your kindness, and the kindness of the editors of other newspapers, I have published letters from emigrants who know very well how they could have done in Ireland, and who thank God that they went to Canada.

The following is an extract from the letter of a rector in the South of Ireland:—

"To Charles Foy, Esq.

"A young Protestant woman, about thirty-two years of age, who has lived with me for the past fifteen years, is anxious to join her father, mother, brothers, and sisters in Canada.

I sent her brother out at my own expense about nine years ago. At the end of a year he sent home money sufficient to bring out his father, mother, brother, and sister; and he has now a fine farm of 150 acres, and got £150 with his wife. His sister married a young man with a fine farm, already cleared, inherited from his father; and the others are doing well, and all would not now return to what they call 'the land of potatoes and sour milk.'"

Now, give me the equal of this in Ireland.

The writer of the following is well known in Belfast:—

"4, Elgin Terrace, Antrim Road,
May 2nd.

"DEAR SIR—Enclosed is Wm. Farr's letter, which I only received from Glenavy this morning. You may make what use you like of it. It speaks well, his leaving last August with a wife and three young children being able to send, as he has done, six pounds to his brother.—I am, yours very truly,

"CHARLES WM. HARDING,
Curate, St. James' Church."

William Farr, named in this letter, was living or rather merely existing, in a wretched cabin at Glenavy. At the request of Mr. Harding I assisted him to Canada.

No amount of writing could convince the men whose cases I have given that if they toiled as much in the land of their birth they would fare as well in the end.

I believe that the bad times in the States have much to do with the decrease in emigration; and, unfortunately, many people make no distinction between Canada and the States. I have endeavoured to show them that whilst work is not to be had in the States we have work for all in Canada at good wages,—yours truly,
CHARLES FOY.

Canadian Government Emigration
Department, Offices—11, Clare-
mont Street, Belfast, 16th May,
1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—It is not all gold that glitters. Providence, no doubt, intends that the waste places of earth shall be improved and tilled, but people who intend to migrate ought at least to know what is before them. Money in millions, along with the bone and sinew of our people, are going, have gone, to an enormous extent, principally to the United States, secondarily to Canada and elsewhere. I maintain that in these countries, in Ireland especially, there is profitable scope and occupation for that "bone and sinew," for those "millions," for long years to come. Not only might extended wastes be reclaimed, wide stretches of land now idly occupied by

the watery vast lakes, Lough Larne, Lough Neagh, Lough Erne, Lough Strangford, the Shannon borders, and others drained, but the existing arable surfaces made most readily to yield double or treble what they now produce by better tillage and the adoption of a sanitary humus. Were this done, were associations formed to enable farmers, labourers, servants, mechanics, and others to invest their earnings in real estate, and were Mr. Thornton's suggestions adopted as to the extensive creation of small proprietors not to dwell on the simple tenancy of the soil, then might Ireland, I affirm, sustain easily its twenty millions of inhabitants.

The toil, the labour, the good conduct, the temperance, and the strenuous economy essential to success in Canada and the United States would be found quite as productive of good results here. Intelligent, well-conducted people, with education in their heads, and a little money in their pockets, do well in the magnificent lands of Canada and the States; but money and intelligence enable people to do well everywhere. As for the labourer, the man without education and without means, he simply becomes a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Supposing a man does get 100 acres in Canada or the States, what is he to do with them? It needs no common resolution, industry, and intelligence to deal successfully with one hundred acres. It needs, indeed, money and means and time, and labour as well, which one man cannot adequately supply, and when haply supplied, these acres produce a hardly sufficing return.

HENRY MACCORMAC, M.D.

Belfast, 18th May, 1874.

REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—I read Dr. MacCormac's letter in the *News-Letter* of this morning. The doctor has so mixed Canada and the United States as to render it difficult for the representative of only one of them—Canada—to reply. However, as to the climate of Canada I presume that the doctor will admit what the bills of mortality tell—viz., the number of deaths to every 10,000 in Canada, as a whole, is 98; in the United States it is 134; and in Great Britain it is two hundred and eleven.

While emigrants write such letters as the following to their friends, the advice of Dr. MacCormac or no person else will persuade their friends to remain in Ireland, Micawber like, waiting for "the good time coming."

The writer of the following was in the R.I.C., stationed in Belfast, and left in 1873; had barely what paid the passages of himself and his newly-married wife:—

"Aliston Brook, Co. Lambton, Province Ontario, Canada,
8th September, 1873.

"DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW—I drop a few lines again to you. I hope they will find you in good health. I expect to go to London the 8th October to get a passage ticket for Tom if he will come out in November."

"October 11th, 1873.

"DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW—I send these few lines to let you know that we are all well. Dear Sir, I am glad Tom is coming out. I have a place for him at 7s. 3½d. a-day all the year. I sent £9 to Mr. — to pay Tom's passage and buy some things he may want. If he is short of money when he lands at Portland let him stop in some place, and write to me for more."

"October 31st, 1873.

"DEAR BROTHER—I changed my mind since I wrote. I want you out this Winter. I told you in my last that Tom and I were at work on our

own farm. We bought 100 acres of land and sold it out again, and bought the timber of 100 acres, and are going to make hoops. We have two years to take the hoop timber off the place, from the 1st January, 1874, so we want Philip to come out this Winter, and we can all work together. We have two men hired at present for six months each. I am sending your passage to Mr. Foy, 11, Claremont Street, Belfast, the gentleman by whose advice I came to this country. His office is near the Workhouse on the Lisburn Road. Be sure and make no delay when you get this letter. I will send you £2 to get you ready. Ask Mr. Foy for a certificate, and he will give it to you. That is for 6 dols. of your passage-money that you will get back when you are three months here. I send a few lines from Mary."

From the Wife:—

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—I am greatly disappointed that you would not let my sister come out to me. I have a great deal to do, and it would be a great comfort and ease to me if I had Mary to help me. I did not want her to go to strangers, if she had come to me. . . . I hope you are all well. I am in good health, thank God. I have good care and good food; everyone gets good food. I would wish to see you all in this country of ours."

From a labouring man whose passage I advanced in April, 1873:—

"Acapa, November 10, 1873.

"Mr. A. M'Laren, Raughlan, Lurgan—

"SIR—I am now labouring in the farm with the employer to whom Mr. Foy sent me. This land is a very nice loamy soil. There is very little woodland here. As far as I can see all around me the land is in a high state of cultivation, and the fields are all pretty large, from sixteen to twenty acres in each field. The potatoes are all very large, and a great many at the stock. I never seen as good a crop at Raughlan. The farm is 200 acres in size, and there is a good stock of cattle on it; also, there are splendid hay-barns here. The work I have got to do here is much the same as I had with you; sometimes carting, helping to milk the cattle, and such like. Dear Sir, I am well cared for. I get fleshmeat three times a-day, tea twice, and butter in abundance. The wages I had at home would not purchase the food that I get here. Tell James Castles that I am 14lbs. heavier since I came here. The beef is doing the work. I sent a letter to Elizabeth on Saturday last, and £2 in it. So long as I am in health I can send her plenty. Thank God for all His mercies to us.—I remain, yours truly,

"JOHN STEVENSON."

From a County Tyrone emigrant to his brother, wanting him and family of him to leave Ireland and go to Canada, which they did on the 22nd November following the date of this letter:—

"Tyendinago, Napanee, Canada,
22nd October, 1872.

"MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS—I received your long looked-for letter. I received it on the 10th, and now hasten to answer. You want to know if you could do better in Canada than in Ireland. I shall let you know how some men are getting on here. I know several men who came to Canada, some with £1, some with £2, and some had to work their way here who are worth thousands of pounds now. One man told me that he had 6d. when he landed at Quebec, and now his property could not be bought for £7,000, and he is not the only man—there are hundreds like him. There is no man who comes here but can do well if he is industrious and attends to his business. There is plenty of employment for every man,

woman, and child here. If all in Ireland would come they would get employment.

Dear brother, if you had left Ireland ten years ago you would have been independent now. Your boys could earn from £2 to £3 a-month, and your girls £1 a-month. I am paying a man 8s a day for splitting rails for fencing. I sell them at £1 per 100.

Adam said when he read your letter that you could do better in this country by begging than in Ireland on a small farm.

Dear brother, I think the sooner you leave Ireland the better for both you and your family. I would not live in Ireland on the best farm you could hunt up. No farmer could live in Ireland as he can here. Our pork was done last week. I will kill a sheep to do until the weather gets cool enough to kill my hogs. I am fattening two beef cattle, one to sell and the other to kill for ourselves. We have a very plentiful harvest. I never saw better times in Canada.—Your affectionate brother."

I could give hundreds of such letters; but if intending emigrants ask any of the agents of the Dominion or Allan Line of steamers for pamphlets on Canada, they will find them in the pamphlets "The New Dominion," "Canada the Land of Homes," and "Information to Emigrants," published respectively in '71, '72, and '73.—Yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

Canadian Government Emigration Department.

Office—11, Claremont Street, Belfast,
19th of May, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR,—Mr. Foy's letters about Canada make one's mouth water. It is a veritable land of Cocaigne, and, if we are to believe it, the doings of Comachos' wedding all over again. But in stern reality the fresh meat, were it even once a-day, is not to be looked for in the bush, and if you choose to consume it three times daily in the towns, you must work and pay for it. The working man just now, I submit, is just as well off here as in the States, or even in Canada. He cannot stock and occupy a farm, even if his single handed industry sufficed to till it. Mr. Foy knows as well as we do that working men do not get 7s 8½d the year round, or half the year round, in Canada. "Lumbering" excepted, the nature of the climate forbids out-door labour during the greater portion of the twelvemonth. The Irishman haunts the towns in Canada, as he does in the United States, and is the victim of the diseases that spring from crowding and destitution in one place as in the other. Mr. Foy's statement of the relative mortality, as between Canada, England, and the States, is quite incorrect. The fall disease or infantile dysentery, a malady comparatively unknown in England, is very destructive in the States. Intermittent fever, alike unknown here, is seriously prevalent in both countries, and, while it lasts, incapacitates the sufferer from all effort. Periodic fever and other fevers destroy the stamina of multitudes. Consumption and typhus fever, both of them, are frequent and fatal. The average mortality is quite as great in Canada as in England, and, as for the United States, the mortality among the Irish emigrants exceeds the mortality of any European country. Let Mr. Foy revel himself in his utopia if he will, but let him suffer our countrymen to improve the soil and their circumstances in the country which Providence has provided as their heritage, and where they may thrive, if they please, just as well as in the Western wilderness or in the crowded precincts of American and Canadian towns.—I am, &c.,

HENRY MACCORMAC, M.D.

Belfast, 21st May, 1874.

REPLY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR,—I hope your readers will not think it a reflection on their indulgence in my saying that I am not the compiler of the bills of mortality. But as Dr. MacCormac asserts that my statement is incorrect, I would be obliged if he would give me the Government returns; also the class in which the returns from the British military stations place Canada. Has the Doctor ever been in Canada? I can scarcely think he has, when he seems to know of only the towns and the bush. Lord Lisgar was surprised and delighted with the splendidly cultivated farms, the magnificent farm-houses and buildings, which he saw in travelling through Canada. A Canadian farmer exported to the Earl of Dunmore (Scotland) six head of cattle, which, old and young, were purchased in Canada at £1,000 a head. It is amusing to hear a man say that meat is not to be had in the bush. The man Stevenson, who mentioned the *meat three times a-day*, did not write from a town, but from a farm of 200 acres. I was not aware till now that the towns were the places in which beef was raised. I never ask an intelligent, matter-of-fact public to accept *assertions* without proofs, and I am sure your readers will see that the Doctor endeavours to put the reports of emigrants as coming from me—a paid agent of the Government of Canada—but I won't permit him. The man who wrote to his father-in-law that he had 7s 3½d a-day secured for his brother-in-law is ex-Policeman Maguire, and his father-in-law is James Rice, of Ballinderry, in the County Antrim.

I must repeat that I have nothing to say to the crowded cities of the States; but I will tell the Doctor that of the thousands whom I have sent to Canada more than 95 per cent. went to farms. But the Doctor has found a real sore in Canada. "Men who wish to have meat three times a-day must work and pay for it!" I thank the Doctor for publishing this information; it is what I am constantly telling intending emigrants. There is work for all willing to and able to work; but we have no place in Canada for drones.

Dr. MacCormac mentions consumption as prevalent, but whether in Canada or the States I cannot tell, as he persists in jumbling together the two countries. If he mean Canada I will give him a case, as I dislike assertions without authority. A stationmaster on the Irish North-Western Railway, stationed at Ballibay, named Cunningham, was threatened with consumption. A friend who had been in Canada advised him to try that climate. He writes home that he enjoys robust health, and advises others to go. Though I believe this man would not write an untruth to his friends, after reading Dr. MacCormac's letter, I might admit that Cunningham is under a delusion, same as the other emigrants who describe Canada as a "Utopia," and of whose letters, for want of any other argument, the Doctor would try to make me the author. But the attempt to make the hard-working labouring men and small farmers of Ireland believe that their friends send them money and encouragement to go to a country such as the Doctor describes, tends only to make the subject ludicrous; nor will the people accept the Doctor's assertion that the bills of mortality are wrong except he gives proof. I nearly forgot the Doctor's assertion that out-door labour is suspended during the greater portion of the twelve months. If this were so, the farm labourers whom I engaged at £40 a year, with the *meat three times a day*, should have jolly times sitting round the bright log fires in Winter. The Doctor may not know that in the Spring of '78 I advanced over £800 of passage-money for farm labourers who were engaged at from £36 to £40 a-year and their board; and by the steamer which left Belfast on the 15th I sent Wm. Johnston, Samuel Wright, and James McOlelland, engaged at £40 a-year and their board. These men were from Greyabbey; and men who went in the Spring of '78 recommended them to their employer, who forwarded the money to me to pay their passages.

"Facts are chieft that winna ding,
And canna be disputed."

And if the Doctor wish any attention paid to further correspondence on the subject of emigration let him give proofs, not assertions.—Yours truly,
CHARLES FOY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—If Mr. Foy's communications to you in your paper be as valuable as they are pertinacious on the subject of emigration to Canada you ought to feel greatly indebted to him for the number of them. It ought to be remembered, however, that Mr. Foy acts the part merely of a paid agent, and that it is emphatically his business to write up Canada; and it must be admitted that he does his best to earn his salary. In his letter in your paper of to-day he states having sent out last week three men from Greyabbey on a yearly engagement of £40 and their board. I should like to know the class of these men and the purpose for which they were engaged. Were they of the ordinary farming labouring class, as his letter would indicate, or were they men of superior intelligence and experience, fitted to take charge of large farms and to oversee the labour of others? I strongly suspect the latter will be found to be the case; and if so, I do not consider much boast may be made of the engagement, as not very dissimilar terms are very often available at home when superior capacity and intelligence are forthcoming. I take leave also to greatly doubt if any farmer in Canada, let him have his land as he may, would be able to pay anything like an average of £40 a-year and board, to the bulk of his farm labourers. It is not too much to say that if he attempted such a task, with the low price of produce in Canada, he would soon be in the bankrupt list. I have a feeling that in all these matters Mr. Foy proves a great deal too much.

In conclusion, let me give you an extract from the speech of Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal, at a late London meeting. Referring to Canada, he says:—"The frequent and constant use of alcoholic stimulants in our country is absolute ruin; our climate won't stand it. Many a young man has come out to our country who has been accustomed in his father's home and elsewhere to take beer and alcoholic stimulants, and who has done the same in Canada. The consequences was that in a very short time he had *delirium tremens*. Our climate is so stimulating and so dry that if men begin to dabble at drink they are ruined." Mr. Foy has taken care not to say a word on this important subject, but the testimony of Dr. Wilkes goes far to corroborate the other opinions so ably stated on medical subjects by our townsman, Dr. MacCormac.—I remain, yours truly,

ONE WHO HAS TRAVELLED IN CANADA.

REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—I have just received the *News-Letter* of this morning, and read the letter of "One Who Has Travelled In Canada," and in reply, have to inform him that the men whom I engaged at £40 a year and their board, are not overseers or stewards, but ordinary farm labourers, under twenty-five years of age, respectively. I am surprised to find a clear atmosphere urged as an objection to a country. As to *delirium tremens*, I do not advise those who wish to indulge in drink, to go to Canada, and the last advice I invariably give emigrants is, that from the moment they put their foot on the emigrant ship they should renounce strong drink. I am indebted to your correspondent for the extract from Dr. Wilkes' speech, and purpose

having some thousand copies printed in handbill form, and distributed on board the emigrant steamers.

I am sure that I *prove* too much to please the opponents of Canada—the difference is, I *prove*—they assert. *Hinc ille lachrymæ*, I am not at all careful to please “One Who Has Travelled In Canada.” The *mens conscia sibi recti*, is all that I, or any honourable man should care for. If, as you and your correspondents assert, Irishmen can do as well in this country as in Canada, why the frequent use of the word *if*. It is scarcely applicable to an existing state of things. One opponent of emigration says “if we had our own native Parliament,” another, “if the waste lands were reclaimed.

It is not usual to prescribe for a person in perfect health, then why all the prescriptions? It is not my business to decide, when political doctors differ, but the prescriptions are a proof that there is still something wanting to make Ireland as good a country as Canada for the farmer and labourer. The arguments against emigration may all be condensed into two lines—

“There’s a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.”

Meantime the boys and girls won’t wait, crying to Jupiter to help them; but will go and help themselves, and the opponents of emigration may as well wish them God-speed.

When the opponents of emigration are agreed upon a remedy for the present wretched, hopeless, position of the labouring classes, when they succeed in making this country as good as Canada for the small farmer, the farm labourer, and the other classes from which emigration receives its supplies, they will have no trouble getting the people to remain in their native country; but until they do so, to ask them to remain in poverty, is simply an insult to their common sense.—Yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

The Waiting Room, Clones Station,
26th May, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—I looked over the lengthy letter of Dr. M’Cormac in this morning’s *News-Letter*. “There’s nothing in it.” But, yes; I see that he makes the mortality in Great Britain 230 to every 10,000, though he said I was incorrect when I gave it as 211 to 10,000. I won’t follow him in his meanderings through the States.

I have little to object to in your leader, but I am ashamed that so little is known of Canada as that the want of schools should be urged as a drawback. I sent copies of the year book of Canada to the editors of all the papers, in which they might see that schools are the first care in every settlement. In the Province of Ontario there are over 5,000 common schools, in which education is free, and in which the teachers are paid from £80 to £120 a-year; female £70 to £90 a-year. A daughter of a man named Coulter, of Carnmoney, has £70 a-year as teacher in a country school. There are also grammar schools—a species of leading school from the common school up to the college. and of these there are over 105 in the Province of Ontario. Then there are the Normal and Model Schools for the training of the teachers, so that they may go out afterwards with certificates, and be employed

in the common schools. The school system of the Province of Ontario was founded on the best points Dr. Ryerson, on inquiry, found in our National Board system, the Prussian Government system of education, &c. As to any fears of Canada filling up, Canada is larger than all Europe, and could maintain comfortably one hundred millions of inhabitants. The last census gives her population at about four millions.

I agree with you that there are many who should not think of emigrating to Canada. Clerks and shopmen I invariably advise not to go. Indeed—though I am “paid by the Government of Canada,” I never advise any person to go except those whose success is certain. As in every other business, honesty in emigration business is the best policy. One unsuccessful emigrant would do more harm than twenty successful could counteract. I am proud of the confidence placed in me by the Dominion Government; but I say, with all honesty, no Government could pay me to deceive my countrymen; and, besides, the specific instructions given to Government Agents are—“By no means encourage false hopes in emigrants, rather *under-rate* than *exaggerate* the advantages of emigration to Canada; and while relatives, mothers, fathers, and others write to me, or call upon me to thank me for sending their relatives to Canada, I care nothing how unpopular emigration may be with landlords, capitalists, and all employers of labour.

In concluding the correspondence, I will quote the remarks of Sir Wm. Wilde—a thorough Nationalist—on emigration, and trust to the common sense of my country men of the working classes to decide who is their true friend:—

“I suppose I ought to mention emigration as more or less connected with the land question. The history of the emigration of nations is a grand subject in the consideration of the geographical distribution of civilisation throughout the world, in chronological order, from the days of Moses, in sacred history, and population of the States of America, down to our time, by all people who, driven by circumstances of over-population, or the desire for the possession of land, have had enough energy to improve their social position. Without going further into the matter, I will ask what be the effect of the Land Bill on small farmers and labourers? Fixity of tenure to them means fixity of poverty. Will it raise the wages of the labourer or make the produce of the small farmers more valuable? I think it will have the very contrary effect; and difficulties yet unforeseen will arise in consequence which will only be relieved by emigration, and taking advantage of the free gift to each man of 100 acres of land in one of the finest countries in the world (Canada), not only socially, civilly, and politically, but religiously.”

Dr. Wilde's position does not prejudice his judgment.—yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

27th May, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—Permit me to subjoin the following from yesterday's *Liverpool Albion*, which I do without further note or comment.—Yours,

HENRY MACCORMAC, M.D.

Belfast, May 29, 1874.

"EXPERIENCES OF A SCOTCH FARMER IN CANADA.

"An Aberdeenshire farmer writes from Ontario, Norfolk, Delhi, 27th of April, 1874:—I have very little doubt that Canada is the order of the day, and that your fine country, as well as Aberdeen and Kinkardine, are full of fine things about us, such as free grants of land and high wages. Allow me to clear away some of the cobwebs. I have resided forty-five years in Canada. Thirty-five years I have been a farmer. I began in the woods, two miles from a neighbour, and I may further state I am an exception to the general rule. I paid £100 for a half lot of 100 acres. I had £150 in money, a strong, healthy constitution, a wife, and three infant children. There was no school or church, and we were fifteen miles to a mill, fourteen miles to a store, and I had to carry my flour on my back two miles, and had to go seven miles to buy a ham, and that through the trackless forest, with the wolf, the bear, and the deer. Now for my trials. I bought a yoke of oxen, and lost one by death and was cheated out of the other. My best cow got her leg broken, and I lost her. My wife was taken sick, and was so for three years, and could not wash a cap for her head. I had almost lost my life when rolling logs on a heap, and had my neck almost broken, and my teeth thrust out by the blow, and for one year was unable to work. I paid forty-two dollars for two visits to an M.D. I have lost ten cows, besides oxen, sheep, and hogs. I have bad crops. I have got thirty bushels of wheat to an acre, and at other times not two bushels. I paid sixteen dollars an acre for clearing and fencing, and many a night have had to work until nearly morning, fighting fire from my clearing. After all, I am considered one of the most successful farmers. When I look around and see how few of my old neighbours are left, I am lost in wonder at seeing how many have died. There are just a few left, and our burying-grounds are well tenanted. We had ten children, nine of whom are alive, but the money bills for medicine are incredible; and, to tell you the truth, no pen can do justice to or portray the hardships of bush life. The winter is excessively cold, and to-day we may plough but not sow. Summer is excessively hot. A labourer with you can work out of doors at all times. Not so here. We have six months steady Winter, and about four months warm. The frost a few days ago was two feet deep, and our fall wheat is badly Winter-killed. It won't be half a crop. There is no hay; the grasshoppers took it all, and the Colorado beetle ate all our potatoes. *There is nothing we plant which will pay for the labour, and our youth are leaving and going South to the United States. And yet we pay idlers to go and tell what a fine country Canada is. Those who are persuading your people to come here are not your friends. They are paid to do so. I am not. I tell you, beware, and look ere you leap.* I may send you the report of the Crown lands. There are nearly seventy townships surveyed; but beware; be not too confident. You gain little by coming to Canada, and lose much. If I made a mistake in coming here, I hope others may profit by my experience. I am from Aberdeenshire, and a graduate of the university. I am now the owner of five good farms, and would gladly sell to get away. For the farm I live on I was offered £1,000 twenty years ago, and I cannot now sell at any price."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—Will you kindly afford me space for a few facts in connection with this important subject? I will make no comment, but will vouch for the

truth of the statements. And now that the depopulation of our country is becoming a serious question, all should contri- ute their mite of information.

Some time ago an American gentleman, whose word is accepted in Belfast as his bond, when speaking to me in r ference to the Irish exodus, made the following remarks:—"Well, I don't know why your countrymen rush out as they do to the States; it is a great mistake for them. A few succeed; the multitude do not; and if they would only work as long and as hard at home as they *must* do with us they would have much better times."

Another American gentleman—in no way connected with the first, but equally truthful—in my office strongly dissuaded some intending emigrants (or if not intending emigrants they were men who came for correct information as to the prospects of those going out) from their purpose; adding that if wages were high it took all to do; and that taking one thing with another, one shilling would go further in the old country than four in the new; that the climate was trying, &c. I see one of these engineers regularly at his work, and the other day I spoke to him, mark; that he was here still. "Yes, Sir," he replied, "there are worse places than old Ireland after all, if we would only settle down to work."

I have brothers in the States and Canada—hard-working, steady young men—and who complain constantly of the difficulty of getting on, owing to the high prices, whilst death has made sad havoc among their children. They tell me (and others confirm it) that it is almost impossible to rear children, the climate is so trying, and that it is melancholy to see so many little graves.

Some of my own workers hurried it a few years ago, rushing out as if the plague was in the country. They were glad to come back, and said that a good many more were waiting to follow when they were able to scrape up their passage money.

I was strongly thinking of emigrating with my family some time ago, but was advised not by those who had long experience of life abroad; and the universal testimony of several whose opinion was worth having, was—*Never go abroad if you can do, or even half do at home; and be content to let "Well enough" alone.*—Yours truly,

R.

REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

Sir—I can imagine Dr. MacCormac crying "*Eureka*" when he discovered the letter of a Scotch farmer in the *Liverpool Albion*; but excuse me if, in honesty, I have to say I cannot see, except it escaped your attention, how you published it.

A graduate of a Scotch university commences farming in Canada with £150, and in fifteen years he becomes the owner of five good farms, one worth £1,000 *twenty years* ago. Now, is it not a palpable insult to any intelligent reader to quote such a statement as that a farm worth £1,000 twenty years ago, in a country which has made the rapid advances of Canada, cannot be sold now at *any price*!! Bah! the *manufacturer* of such a letter should be in a lunatic asylum. Read the *Times* Philadelphia correspondent's account of the progress of Canada in the *London Mail* of the 27th, and then honestly say the proper name for the letter writer in the *Liverpool Albion*. After suffering as many calamities as any we read of in Job's history. This canny Scotchman with five farms, one of which is worth £1,000, remains in this awful bad country. He does not tell us why he did not jump at the offer of £1,000 and return to Scotland? Is the whole story not a *lie* on the face of it?

"R" tells of gentlemen warning men against the States. I have nothing to do with the States; and I am sure his brothers are not of the classes I advise to go to Canada—agricultural labourers, farmers, and servant girls.

B

The suicides mentioned are much to be regretted; but surely Canada is not the only country in which suicides are known. What of the great city of London? One of the unfortunate men was in good employment as time-keeper on the wharves of Montreal; the other was a bookkeeper out of employment—a class I am continually trying to dissuade from going to Canada. We want no men who wish for what they call in this country “genteel employment”—we want none who desire to preserve soft hands, All afraid of hard work I advise to stay at home.

But why wander out of the North of Ireland for examples? I have within the last five years sent thousands to Canada—were they failures? Does the money they send to friends represent failure? Why do you not notice the testimony of the Presbyterian clergyman given in my letter published to-day?

To finish, positively this time, I must, in justice to myself, say that I am proud to confess I never witnessed the parting of emigrants with their friends, unmoved; that I have frequently rebuked persons dressed in the garb of ladies and gentlemen for their heartless mirth when witnessing such scenes. No longer ago than last Monday I rebuked some thoughtless young girls at the Movaghan station, and pointed out a very old man, bidding, as I told them, his last farewell to his daughter. To the great credit of one of them—Oh, how it raised her in my estimation—she did not join in the unseemly mirth; but I saw the big tears in her eyes. The man who could be purchased to perpetuate such pitiable scenes, if he did not know, and had not positive proofs, it would be for the good of the emigrants, and for the benefit of those they leave behind, could be purchased to commit murder but for the fear of hanging. I thank God I am not that man.—Yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

Canadian Government Emigration Department. Offices—11, Claremont Street, Belfast, 30th May, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—Dr. MacCormac re-asserts that I gave an incorrect statement as to the bills of mortality. Now, I had determined to drop a correspondence which, I believe, must have wearied your readers. On one side assertions, no sooner contradicted by plain proofs than followed by the same writers with re-assertions or by equally silly assertions. It is distasteful to have to continue proving truisms; it is, besides, insulting to the common sense of your readers to suppose it necessary to tell them that people who leave this country without a shilling improve their position when they are able to send money to bring out friends. To your educated readers it must appear ridiculous to read descriptions of the Canada of forty or fifty years ago as applicable to the Canada of the present day. It looks very like calling them Rip Van Winkles.

The rate of mortality in Canada is, on the whole, 93 to the 10,000, and in the Province of Ontario, the province to which North of Ireland emigrants generally go, it is 71 to the 10,000. I defy contradiction (by proof). Dr. MacCormac has the Registrar-General's return to refer to; let him give us the rate all over

Britain. He gives it in cities at 23 to the 1,000, or 230 to the 10,000. Hear what Marshall, an independent writer, says :—

"In all seriousness I am persuaded that, despite its severity, the climate of Canada is one of the healthiest in the world. It is expressly fitted to develop a hardy race. For the bringing up of a young family it is to be preferred, very decidedly, to the climate of almost all the States of the Union, South of the chain of Canadian lakes. The fact of the generally healthy condition of the people, the splendid development of the men, the preservation of the English type of beauty of the women, may be taken in proof of the excellence of the climate, and may well be allowed to influence the choice of an Englishman who seeks a new home for his family."

Sir Garnet Wolseley expressed himself very warmly in praise of the Canadian Volunteers as fine, broad-shouldered, hardy, splendid soldiers, and it is said that he expressed a wish for some of them at the Gold Coast. Colonel Jennings, 13th Hussars (since deceased), had an equally high opinion of them. Strange if a bad climate could produce such men. It would surprise the opponents of emigration if they read the letters I am daily receiving in reference to this correspondence. They would see that the working classes and small farmers are much shrewder than they evidently give them credit for, and that they do not credit the motive of desire for their comfort as actuating the writers, but, in language I will not quote, ascribe it to a desire for popularity and notoriety in some, and selfish motives in others. One correspondent writes :—"I am reading your correspondence on emigration. With you, I am watching for the remedy. The 'ifs' and all the projected remedies since 1847 cannot prevent the people following relatives who have prospered. Poor —, who has been evicted, would be glad if some of these doctors would tell him in a few words what he can do here. It may please you to hear that on yesterday evening I had a short conversation with the Rev. — (a very popular clergyman of the Presbyterian Church), who has just returned from his tour of twelve months in Canada and the States. He has seen some of the correspondence, and says that he can endorse every word that you have written on the subject. He says that Canada for morality, intelligence, and as a home for Ulster emigrants, is very superior to the States. He met hundreds of working men from the North of Ireland known to himself, myself, and all in this neighbourhood, who have 6s. a-day in constant employment; that during his six months' travelling through Canada he did not hear a single complaint or regret about leaving Ireland. He mentions that railways (local) do not run on the Sabbath, nor street cars, omnibuses, or public vehicles. The public-houses or taverns are closed from 7 p.m. on Saturdays until Monday morning. Schools for

the people everywhere, employment abundant, no drunken rowdism, more police in two of the large towns in Ireland than in all Canada. He wants you to send him the entire correspondence." In corroboration of the clergyman's remarks, I will give an illustration of the difference of Ireland and Canada. The town of Lindsay, in the Province of Ontario, has a population of about 5,000. When I was in Canada there were one or two constables who followed trades, and were employed only occasionally serving summonses. In my native town (Cootehill), with a population of less than 2,000, there are a sub-inspector, head-constable, and ten or twelve constables; and on fair and market days men are drafted in from two out-stations. The man whom Dr. MacCormac saw swallowing the whiskey early in the morning I cannot believe was a native Canadian, but was more likely a new importation. Canadians are not drunkards, and, as a proof, the rule in the taverns is 5 cents per drink; the decanter is left for the customer to take as much as he chooses, and as Canadians take only a little in the bottom of the glass, tavern-keepers make money. How would it pay in Belfast? In no country in the world is the drunkard more pitied or greater efforts made to reform him or her. I wish from my heart that the men in this country who profess such regard for the welfare of the working classes would follow the example of Canada, and erect inebriate asylums, make laws which would prevent the drunkard from robbing his family; for, in parts of Canada, if a woman go to the tavern-keepers and warn them that her husband is spending more than he can afford, in justice to his family, in drink, if the tavern-keepers sell to him after this warning they can be sued for heavy damages for every offence!

I leave the correspondence on "Emigration or no Emigration," as I wished to do in my last, to the common sense of my countrymen, merely saying that if the Press of this country wished the people to know the whole truth they would give me the same facilities as they give my opponents.—Yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

I forgot your remarks about the absence of clergymen. I am happy in being able to tell you that you could scarcely find a settlement of half-a-dozen settlers neglected; and, as a sincerely attached member of my own Church, I candidly admit the pre-eminent solicitude of the Methodists in supplying the spiritual wants of the most out-of-the-way settlements.

May 29, 1874. *Original enclosed in 1874-5-29 sent C. F.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—Please publish the following, and oblige yours truly,

June 13, 1874. *Original enclosed 1874-6-13 sent C. F.* CHARLES FOY.

Kells, County Meath, June 12, 1874.

DEAR SIR—Thanks for the *News-Letter* of yesterday. I now enclose copy of a letter received to-day from a lady whose son — accompanied my son in the "Circassian" last April. The two lads have been attached companions for years past, and determined to emigrate together. Mrs. —, you will observe, has a motherly interest in the good things of the table—a department of which she is an excellent judge, as I testify that she and her husband are profuse in their hospitality, and keep a bountiful table. Mr. — is a J.P. of the Counties —, and has large property in a parish where I was once a Curate.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
H. DE BURGH SIDLEY.

Buxton, England, June 11, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. SIDLEY—A letter to-day from Atchey tells me he is about 50 miles North of Toronto, on a farm, like as is Richard; but he has not heard how Richard fares since he went to his place. For himself, he describes the eating and drinking as of the best; beefsteaks for breakfast and roast joints for dinner, with pies and puddings; and tea, with cakes of all kinds, such as a confectioner in Dublin would call his best quality, in addition to meat and eggs. A great difference to this country, is it not? He says, if he ever returns, he will turn up his nose at the living we poor people give. He eats at the table with his employer, and has a good feather bed and a room to himself, only one of the little boys of the family shares the room. There are three children, and the good man and wife—nice, kind, clean people, he says. Plenty of work for everyone, and girls could get places by the hundred, and good wages. Certainly poor people in Ireland trying to make ladies of their daughters is rather a mistake in my mind. I wonder Richard did not pay me the compliment of a letter. I hope you have heard from him; but, I dare say, he has not fared worse than the other.—Sincerely yours,—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—Please publish the following:—

"Kells, Co. Meath, June 4, 1874.

"DEAR SIR—You may remember that my son called on you in Belfast, about two months ago, accompanied by Mr. Moxley, of the Methodist College. He sailed in the "Circassian" on the 28rd of April, and on arrival at Quebec he concluded an engagement with a Mr. Thompson on a farm in that neighbourhood at 15 dols. a month, with board and lodging. As I see there is some controversy in Belfast about the advantages or otherwise of emigrating, I send you a fair copy of the last letter I had from my

son, which, in my opinion, substantiates your view of the matter. I feel obliged to you for your advice to him, and for the letters of introduction.—Yours faithfully,

“H. DE BURGH SIDLEY, Clk., M.A.,
Curate of Kells.

“Charles Foy, Esq.”

The letter is too long to ask space for it in the *News-Letter*, but I will give you extracts:—

“I would not advise anyone to come out who is not *able* to work hard. The work is awful hard, but I manage to pull through, somehow or other. My employer, Thompson, is a very decent chap, though he does work me hard; he and I are great friends. The farm I am on is 100 acres, of which 80 are cleared. There are men working with me who are getting 20 dols. (£4) a month and their board, and will get 35 dols. in the harvest; but then they know their business. A good man can earn 30 dols. (£6) a month, with board and lodging, all the year round; and next year I expect to do it. Farming here is on a different style to what it is with you; everything is slapdash; no minding details. . . . —Your affectionate son.

“R. G. SIDLEY.”

Though R. G. Sidley is of the class I do not recommend to emigrate, I am confident of his ultimately obtaining a position in Canada he never could attain in this country. He has the *vim* necessary for success; his letter has no whining about the comfort he left behind, about hard work; but it is manly and hopeful. In physique he is delicate, but he has pluck. When I told him that he was not the class I would recommend for Canada, as none but those able and willing to work hard might go there, he replied, “I am willing to work at anything rather than be a burthen to my father. I am sick of looking for a situation as clerk or book-keeper.” I am not surprised that the son of a father who is not ashamed to let the world know that his son is working as a farm-labourer should be a manly, spirited young fellow.—Yours obliged,

CHARLES FOY.

Canadian Government Emigration
Department—Offices, 11, Clare-
mont Street, Belfast.
10th June, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—I must confess myself thoroughly wearied with the endless and one-sided epistles of Mr. Chas. Foy. I see to-day, in particular, he favours your columns with what is scarcely an undisguised *hoax* from Ballymacarrett, with the apparent object of turning Dr. MacCormac into ridicule, and of

representing that gentleman as offering "9s per week, without board, for a good ploughman, mower, &c.; and having a character for *strict* sobriety, honesty, &c., and unmarried." This precious composition, on search, you will find in part taken from a country advertisement, which appeared in your columns a day or two ago, but so *malformed* in the change that I take leave to say its original author would find no little difficulty in recognising his own production. It however suits, or seems to suit, Mr. Foy, to treat the communication as genuine, and he writes of it accordingly as if it formed a part of "revealed truth;" but that a party so astute as Mr. Foy could be in the slightest degree ignorant of its *real* character is a thing beyond belief; and I regard it, therefore, as both *painful* and *pitiful* to find anyone in his position so descending.

Let me, as an opposite picture, say that within the last three months I was informed by a friend living at Dundonald that an ordinary servant man of the ploughman class, to whom he was giving £21 yearly and very superior board, left him to get £23 from a neighbour; and about same time I saw in your paper a case in same neighbourhood, where £25 was obtained, a sum I certainly consider far superior to the £35, £36, and £40 named by Mr. Foy in Canada, and that would obtain infinitely more comforts here than there with the apparently larger sum.

Mr. Foy in Thursday's paper gives an extract from a letter from an R. G. Sidley, who writes in the usual roseate style, which newcomers are so sure to affect when first communicating with friends at home. It appears he is getting £3 a month and board, &c., but remarks very pathetically, "*the work is awful hard*;" and then, again, he (Thompson) "*does work me hard*;" and, remarking upon this letter, Mr. Foy (while cautiously not adopting "R. G. Sidley" with a physique so delicate as his ideal emigrant, for it is convenient always to have a loophole) prophesies that, owing to his having the *vim* "necessary," he is confident "R. G. Sidley" will ultimately obtain a position in Canada he never could obtain in this country.

Now, I happen by accident to know "R. G. Sidley's" history which may be described in the briefest terms. He is only some twenty years of age, served his time in Dublin to a wholesale grocer, and is now, as the "*dentier ressort*," a common farm labourer in the backwoods of icebound Lower Canada! Truly "R. G. Sidley's" "*vim*" and independent spirit have wrought a miracle in the way of both social and physical descending; but the poor fellow is not yet eight weeks in a strange land; and what, I ask, will be the feelings—not, indeed, of Mr. Foy, whose "interests" are mixed up with smothering such—but of the truly humane, should they in three months more hear of the youth with his "*delicate physique*," sinking in that rigorous clime, and far from friends, into an early and unpitied grave, the only solace being that it enabled Mr. Charles Foy to increase his fees, and greater comfort still, to obtain the poor fellow's letter as a patent means of drawing myriads of others into the same wretched Canadian emigration net.

I have something more to say as regards the value of property in Canada, which I reserve till again.—I remain, yours truly,

ONE WHO TRAVELLED IN CANADA.

June 13, 1874.

REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—When I read the letter of "One who had Travelled in Canada" in the *News-Letter* of this morning, I thought how true the saying of a great writer, "An anonymous letter is the weapon of a coward." Who with the slightest claim to a spark of manhood would allude, as your correspondent has done, to young Mr. Sidley? Who but an unfeeling being would try to make parents believe that their son was working for a premature grave?

As to his "pity and pain" for me, I can only say that I hope your correspondent has no friend more in need of them, or who could appreciate them more. As to the "hoax" of which I, according to your correspondent, was the silly victim, the myth, in the shape of a splendid specimen of the farm labourer, was in this office on Saturday, and has arranged to sail early next month! As to my representing Dr. MacCormac as offering 9s a-week to a ploughman, if your readers refer to my letter they will find I never represented Dr. MacCormac as the would-be employer, but a rev. gentleman in the County Tyrone.

Your correspondent is very unfortunate in his rash assertions. In his first letter he asserted that the men whom I engaged at £40 a-year, with board and lodging, "must have been overseers or land-stewards." To this I replied by telling your readers that they were young men, ordinary farm labourers, neither of the three so old as twenty-five years. He warned the Canadian farmers against bankruptcy if they gave such wages; but, as unsolicited advice is never valued, I presume the Canadian farmers will continue to judge for themselves.

I am very much pleased to hear that wages at Dundonald are so good, and I think emigration deserves some credit for it. I am, however, at a loss to account for the fact that none of the hundreds of farm labourers who come to this office know of such wages. I hope that your correspondent will see that none of his farmer friends at Dundonald find their way to the Bankruptcy Court, as I suppose few of them farm from 100 to 700 acres, free of rent.

As men are supposed to judge others by themselves, I suppose that I am bound to allow your correspondent to think as he speaks of my motives as to fees, &c.; but, for the information of your readers, I will say that I am not paid by fees nor by the number of emigrants. I am honoured by the Dominion Government with instructions to represent Canada here, to give every information to inquirers, and to by no means exaggerate the advantages of the country. My salary is fixed: no matter how few or how numerous the number of emigrants, it is the same.

As I have been forced to again notice "One who has Travelled in Canada," which is contrary to my usual rule—not to apply to an anonymous letter on a public subject—I will give him a case to account for; and, to save him again running his head against hard facts, will give the name of the emigrant and the street in which she lived.

On last Wednesday morning, a woman named Taylor, aged seventy-three years, residing then in Combermere Street, Belfast, called at this office, and showed me a telegram from England, saying that the sender was to sail in the steamship "Prussia" from Liverpool on the following day. She said that the person who sent her the telegram worked in the same shop with her son in London, Province of Ontario; that he had been on a visit with his friends in England, and was returning; that she expected a letter from her son with her passage, and the passage of a grandchild; but that she was so anxious to be with the young man, that if she did not hear that night she would ask me to telegraph to Derry, to engage passages for herself and grandson. She sailed on Friday from Derry. "You are not frightened, Mrs. Taylor, at the awful accounts of Canada appearing in the Belfast papers?" "Mr. Foy, my son is a very short time out, and he has sent me £4:—this is all I care for."

Now, will some of the patriotic (?) writers, who spend so much time and occupy so much space with long-winded letters about other parts of the world as applicable to Canada, confine themselves to the plain common-sense task of accounting for the large sums of money sent from Canada? The simplest ploughmen see through their dodging, and know well what their pretended patriotism means—cheap labour; in other words self.

I will give these noble patriots (?) an offer—i. e., let a disinterested man, a man independent of employers, capitalists, landlords, or any other class—in fact, an intelligent, honest man—be chosen to go and report on Canada, for the benefit of our countrymen. I will get him a free cabin passage, I will give him a free pass on the Canadian Railways, and will abide his verdict.

The patriotism which professes to love Irish soil better than Irishmen is, in my opinion, electro-plated patriotism—the material-self-interest, the plating-professed love of country.—Yours, obliged,

CHARLES FOY.

P.S.—As to social position, I would rather be a farm labourer in Canada, with the sure prospect of soon becoming the owner of a farm, than either a grocer or draper's assistant in this country. In Canada when men become wealthy they do not assume aristocratic airs. We have none of the silly vanity so common in this country. Why, take Dublin, the South and West of Ireland, and you find that the old families in these parts despise the self-made men of Belfast, and their pretensions to aristocratic surroundings.

Canadian Government Emigration
Department—Offices, 11, Clare-
mont Street.

Belfast, June 15, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—A highly-esteemed friend remarked to me that the post-script in my letter which appeared in the *News-Letter* of this morning was a sneer at self-made men. Though I cannot see how it could be so construed; though the inconsistency of a person representing a country of self-made men sneering at self-made men must be apparent to the simplest; and though I am thoroughly indifferent as to pleasing others when I write truth, I ask your indulgence while I explain that I meant to illustrate the silly vanity which permeates society in this country. When the aristocrat, whose only boast is his ancestral tree, despises the man who, independent of his ancestors, makes a position—this I call silly vanity. When the plutocrat who makes money despises his poorer neighbour, this is simply, in my mind, *disgusting*, and the less excusable of the two. The draper's assistant in some cases considers himself superior to the grocer's clerk; the bank clerk often scarcely condescends to know either. The manager of a county branch of one of our banks, the servant of a public company, I have known to consider himself superior to the country trader, or to the farmer, though why none but himself can imagine. These ridiculous notions are not entertained in Canada; and the farmer Thompson, who, very probably, commenced as a farm labourer himself, will encourage Sidley, with the sure and certain hope that in four or five years he may be the owner of a good farm. I look upon Mr. Sidley as serving his apprenticeship to farming; and once he becomes the owner of a farm I would not exchange his position for that of a grocer or

draper's assistant—in fact, he commences a life which may claim to be the happiest—a life of hard, healthful, hopeful, and useful toil; a life where a man need not be jealous of competition, but rather have reason to rejoice at seeing all his fellow-workers around him succeed in making the wilderness fruitful and pleasanter to live in. The Canadian farmer's life is one of thorough manly independence.

"Let the cities proud boast long and loud
Of their palaces fair and grand;
In the country wide spread on every side
Are the works of our Father's hand.

Though our fate may seem to some idler's dream
A toilsome and weary lot,
Yet peace and health are the priceless wealth
That are found in the settler's cot."

Every person to their taste; but I do not consider it a great descent from a grocer's assistant to that of an independent farmer; on the contrary, I consider the farmer, who is independent of any landlord, the most independent member of society. He plants his crop, sows his seeds, trusting in his Maker for harvest time; he has no rival cunning or trickery to contend with, no flattering or coaxing of customers; he bows, but to God alone. Of course, it would not do if all men had the same tastes; but this is the position I alluded to when I said that Mr. Sidley would in a few years attain a position which he never could attain in this country.—Yours obliged,

June 16, 1874.

CHARLES FOY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—As my son's name is mentioned in one of your correspondent's letters, you will kindly allow me space in your paper to corroborate Mr. Foy's statement respecting his interview with him in Belfast about three months ago. In my son's report of that interview he states that Mr. Foy told him plainly he had better remain at home than go to Canada unless he was prepared for, and willing to endure, extreme bodily toil. In a subsequent letter to me Mr. Foy stated that the best capital to take to Canada was a strong constitution and a willing mind; otherwise he gave my son no encouragement to emigrate. Understanding these conditions, my son decided on going to Canada; and he finds it exactly as Mr. Foy had informed him—that there is plenty of work, but of a severely trying kind. The remuneration he considers to be sufficient—from 15 dols. to 30 dols. per month, all the year round, together with board and lodging—the food excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. My son's experience is that of all the others who sailed with him

to Canada, all were offered immediate and remunerative employment, and if they have to work hard it is what they ought not to complain of, as the necessity for it was fully explained to them before leaving,—Believe me, yours truly,

H. DE BURGH SIDLEY, A.M., Clk.

Kells, County Meath, June 15, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—Please publish the following, and oblige yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

“Castledawson, 25th May, 1874.

“Charles Foy, Esq.

“Sir—In the Summer of '61 I went to Canada with my brother-in-law and sister. I remained there until the fall of the following year, when I came home, with the intention of selling out and taking my father and mother with me to Canada. I did sell out, but this farm in which I am now living turned up, and my parents strongly urged me to try it for some time. I then married, and I have now five children, two of them boys. I have never been content since, and I have now made up my mind to go back to Canada and take my family with me. I intend going out now myself and try and find a farm somewhere as convenient to Port Hope as possible, as I have a great many friends there who went out to that part on my recommendation. Can you give me a return ticket, and at what price, either from Belfast or Derry? I can take £1,000 with me.

“Please write immediately.—Yours truly.”

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE WITNESS.”

SIR,—I am confident that simple fair play will cause you to give particulars of the two cases of suicide in the Dominion of Canada. One of the unfortunate men (Begg) was employed as timekeeper on the wharves of Montreal. Good wages and cheap drink made him drink, until in a fit of *delirium tremens* he threw himself on a railway track. The other unfortunate man was a bookkeeper from England, a class who are advised in all pamphlets issued by the Government of Canada, and by every emigration agent not to emigrate.

The classes encouraged by myself and other agents to go to Canada are farm labourers, farmers, and servant girls.

Yours obliged, CHARLES FOY.

Belfast, 3rd June, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTHERN WHIG.

SIR,—Amongst a series of letters condemning in strong language emigration to America, which have lately appeared in a leading Ulster journal, I perceive one which might cause unthinking readers to imbibe very erroneous ideas about Canada—A country to which I am so much attached, and about which I should be very sorry to see any prejudice exist, that I must ask you for the favour of being allowed to make a few remarks on the subject in your widely-read columns.

The continent of North America is a very big place (The Dominion alone is about as big as Europe.) In this vast country there is, as might be supposed, every variety of climate. The death rate of New York is no more an index to the death rate of Canada than is that of Constantinople to the Province of Ulster. New York is like a comet. The cold is intense. The heat is tropical; sunstrokes are not uncommon. Every New Yorker who possibly can goes away in the summer. Thousands go to Canada. The changes of temperature at all seasons of the year are sudden and trying. The east winds are the most searching I have ever encountered. No wonder the rate of mortality is high amongst immigrants. Canada, on the other hand is one of the healthiest countries in the world, and the Canadians are the most robust and vigorous race of people—quite a contrast in this respect to the Americans. If I do not greatly err, the health returns of the British army show a smaller death rate in Canada than in the United Kingdom.

Dr. M'Cormac says there are five millions acres of reclaimable land in Ireland. I shall not dispute his figures, but I would like to know whether the bogs are included in this estimate. They are more valuable for fuel than tillage, and can only be brought into cultivation little by little as the turf is cut. But besides the turf bogs, there is unquestionably a lot of waste land in Ireland, and I maintain that the best way to reclaim it is to give effect to Bright's clauses in the Land Act, and create a peasant proprietorship in these waste places. In the present unsettled state of affairs, landlords cannot invest their capital in the land, and tenants cannot reclaim land unless they have a perpetuity of tenure in it. Under the existing state of things many landlords cannot, if they would, give them this. Even with fixity of tenure, it is a question whether a young man should take the refuse of Irish land in preference to his pick of colonial land.

As regards prohibiting emigration by legislation, a measure recommended by a leading Conservative journal, that might do for a despotic Government, but I think it will never be done by an English Government. It would make a wide breach between England and her colonies. Instead of alienating these magni-

ificent provinces, would it not be more statesmanlike gradually to draw closer the ties that bind us together, so that eventually we may be one? as the Germans sing *Das Vaterland muss grösser sein.*"

Steam has bridged the Atlantic, and labour as well as capital will just go where it can get the largest returns. I would be the last one to advise a man who is doing well in Ireland to emigrate, but if I knew of a tenant-farmer who was getting in arrear and beginning to find out that by steady industry he was unable to make both ends meet, I should certainly advise such a one to sell his Tenant-right and buy a farm in Canada. Whilst solicitous for the welfare of Ireland, it is allowable to be still more solicitous for the welfare of Irishmen.

The desire to possess land is inherent in man. In the old world the supply is not equal to the demand, and land both in England and in Ulster is at a fictitious value; but there is this difference, that whereas in England the excess of value is paid by the landlord, in Ulster it is paid by the tenant. In both cases men often pay more than its commercial value for land, and when they do so, as a matter of course it is not a paying investment. In our colonies population is small, wealth is evenly divided, and land abundant; therefore, this fictitious value does not exist, and an immigrant can purchase land at any price that admits of his making money.

I don't think there is any fear of our population getting too low; on the first symptoms of that complaint a return immigration will set in. A farm in America is worked with just one-half the number of men thought requisite for a farm of similar size in Ireland. In those districts in England where labourers are on strike, farmers are now finding this out.—Yours truly,

JOHN J. ROWAN.

Mount Davy, June 9, 1874.

REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTHERN WHIG.

SIR,—Please give me space to thank Mr. Rowan for his manly letter published in the *Whig* of the 13th inst. Mr. Rowan says that every disinterested person can endorse. I in vain asked those who represented Canada as an unhealthy country to give us proofs, but it did not suit their argument. All writers upon Canada have spoken of the fresh, ruddy, English complexions, the fair round English proportions of body, as distinguishing marks of the inhabitants. The people of the States can tell a Canadian at a glance from one of themselves; and it is not strange for Englishmen or Irishmen to be asked whether they are English or Canadian.

In describing a district agricultural fair in London, Ontario, a writer says—"The scene presented a fair picture of prosperity, content, and advancement. The stalwart, burly, jovial farmers would have compared favourably with any similar gathering in the old country. Their daughters, plump and rosy-cheeked, daintily trimmed from feather to shoe buckle, &c." It is strange that a country within ten or twelve days' sail of Belfast should be so unknown as appears by letters in the Belfast Press, but I am inclined to think that the ignorance is only feigned to serve a purpose.—Yours, &c.,

Belfast, 15th June, 1874.

CHARLES FOY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDONDERRY JOURNAL.

SIR—In the *Journal* of yesterday I read an account of two suicides in Canada. Two suicides in a country as large as Europe is not, in itself, very wonderful; but as the two unfortunate men are described as emigrants, I think it fair that the facts should be known. Alexander Begg was in employment at good wages as timekeeper on the wharves of Montreal, and was in *delirium tremens* when he made the attempt. Henry Young, who committed suicide in Toronto, was a bookkeeper, a class whom the Government agents of emigration are continually advising not to go to Canada. The 600 emigrants announced as having arrived in Toronto got immediate employment; also 100 men who arrived in Kingston about same time. There are loafers in every country, who prefer charity to work. An emigrant from Crossgar writes from Toronto that some of these lazy fellows refuse 6s for cutting a cord of wood, and the same evening apply for their meals at the relief depôts. As to the desire of English labourers to return from Canada, I have never known the case of an Irish labourer who could not save as much as would send for friends, much less as much as would pay his passage back to Ireland if he wished to return. How is it that Mr. Arch did not meet any of those men? How do the opponents of emigration account for the money sent from Canada by men who in Ireland could barely exist? This is a plain fact which they who oppose emigration persist in dodging. I have been engaged for some time in a controversy on "Emigration or no Emigration," in the *Belfast News-Letter*. I have had to give it up in despair of getting my opponents to meet me with facts. One correspondent, a member of a learned profession, persisted in attempts to get me to follow him through the States, where he once met the man of the woods. In fact, he wrote as if we all had been asleep for twenty years, or perhaps forty years. He said Canada was an unhealthy country and when I proved by the bills of mortality that the number of

deaths to the 10,000 in Canada are only 98 on the whole, while in Great Britain they are 211 to the 10,000, he contradicted me, and, as proof, told the readers of the *News-Letter* that the mortality in Great Britain was 30 to the 1,000!! Another correspondent, who signed himself "One Who Has Travelled in Canada," objected to Canada because of a clear climate, and men cannot drink whiskey without getting *delirium tremens*!! and, to completely crush me, the learned gentleman quotes a letter from the *Liverpool Albion*, said to be written by a graduate from a Scotch University, who emigrated to Canada, and gives his experience. And what is it? After suffering calamities which I strongly suspect were plagiarised out of the book of Job, he commences farming with £150 of capital. In fifteen years he owns five farms, for one of which he is offered £1,000, *twenty years ago*, yet for some reason which is not explained, this canny Scotchman won't take the £1,000 and leave the wretched country and return to Scotland; he remains, and, hear it, you lecturers on political economy, railways are built in Canada, prices of produce are double what they were twenty years ago, yet the farm which would have sold for 1,000, cannot now be sold for anything!! What will Canadian Journalists say to such rubbish as this being printed for an intelligent public? I think they will have a poor opinion of the intelligence of the inhabitants of a town we call the "Modern Athens."—yours truly,
 Belfast, 2nd June, 1874. *It is not only true!* CHARLES FOY.

From John Curran, who left Crossgar (Co. Down), in the latter end of '73.

324, Queen Street West,
 Toronto, 24th April, 1874.

DEAR MR. FOY,—I trust you will excuse me not writing sooner, as I promised you on leaving Belfast. I did not wish to speak about this country until I saw for myself, and now, after being nearly a year here, I can, with perfect confidence, recommend every one that can (that is, people who are willing to work) to come to Ontario; the man that is willing to work, can have everything he could desire. There was one hundred immigrants arrived here on Saturday, and, on Monday, every one of them were engaged at high wages; and if any one is out of work, and does not like the country, it is simply because they are not willing to work, or do not make themselves agreeable. Why, I saw several parties last summer, who were earning 2 dols. per day, as carpenters, and because they had to take a spade in their hand for five minutes, why, they would not do such a thing, they were carpenters, not labourers, and they would go home before their dignity would come down; to use a spade for five

or ten minutes, a thing they got as much pay for, as if they had the plane in their hand all the time. I was amused at two or three men from Belfast, who fell out with £2 10s per week, because they were asked to dig a hole for a sleeper, at the erection of a house, they were working at a few minutes' work, but they were not labourers, and would go home, and I think they did, as I have not seen them for some time. My ideas were, if a man could get 12 dols. (£2 10s) per week, for working from seven in the morning till six in the evening, he ought to make himself agreeable; but, if a man falls out with a big loaf and plenty of beef, &c., upon such terms, let him do so, but let him not lay the blame on the country. I have neither seen nor heard of any man with energy, and willing to work, going idle, but you will see plenty of lazy young fellows going about, and if you ask them to split a cord of wood, oh, that aint my trade—well, aint that better than being idle? well what wages will you give—1 dol. and 50 cents! I guess I must have 2 dols., I don't work for less; and, before they will take six shillings for a day, they go down to the house, and impose upon the benevolent. That is just how it is. I have been through 1,500 miles of this province, and I seen nothing but prosperity and plenty everywhere; if the people only knew what a country this is, they would not speak of it as they do, I have seen better crops of potatoes, oats, grass, &c., here, than I ever seen in Ireland, and the finest farmsteads and farm houses I ever seen are in this province.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—I send for publication copy of the letter received by Mrs. — from her son, who accompanied Mr. Sidley to Canada.—Yours obliged,
CHARLES FOY.

“Cookstown, Co. Simcoe, Pr. Ont.,
Canada, May 20, 1874.

“DEAR MOTHER—As I wrote to you from Rivere-de-loup in pencil, giving you an account of the voyage, I now give you a short account of what I have been doing since I came here (Cookstown). When we (R. and myself) landed in Quebec, Dick got a place, and I could have got one, too, but was tempted to go on to the Province of Ontario, as I said if employment was so easy to be got as that I could get a place easy enough; so Hay and myself said we would push on to Montreal, where my ticket was for; so we did. When we landed there we left our small traps at a public-house, and went to look for a boarding-house, along with two others. Hay went with another fellow; so I and another went together. We pitched upon Carroll's Hotel,

Wellington Street—very well I did, as the landlady hails from Enniskillen, so we were at once friends. She is a very nice person, and keeps a nice, clean house. Here we stopped until we sought for work, but could get nothing to suit. We missed Hay and the other, and could not find them till by chance we met on the day that we were going to Toronto. There was plenty of work there (Montreal) if a man was ready for any that offered; but I wanted farm work. Any person could get two dols. a day (equal to 8s of your money) working on the docks for twelve hours, but it is hard work. We then—Hay, my chum, and myself—(leaving the other in Montreal) pushed for Toronto, and went to the Emigrant Home. It was not long till we got work. My chum got a place, five miles from Toronto, to take care of a horse and trap and do a little gardening, for, I think, twelve dols. a month, (£2 10s) for beginning, with board and lodging. Then I got a place as labourer here. The farmer picked me up in Emigrant Home, and he recommended Hay to come up here too, as there was plenty of work, which Hay did, and found work right opposite to where I am. He is hired for twenty dols. a month (£4) with board. He is engaged as general man with an old man. I must now give you an account of how I got on. My employer is a middle-aged man, with a wife and three children. I am very comfortable here, indeed, about a quarter of a mile from the town, rather village. The village consists of three public-houses, a druggist's shop, watchmaker's, photographer's, and two general shops, with some others. It is about ten miles from Lake Simcoe to the West, eight miles from Gilford Station, and fifty from Toronto. It is very clean and nicely situated, about a mile from a forest, which is some miles long.

"There is one Church of England place of worship, one Methodist, one Presbyterian, a Good Templars' Lodge, and an Orange Hall. *There are no police.* It is a lovely country, heaps upon heaps of work, and as for girls, thousands could get places at good wages. I take my meals with my 'boss.' To give you an idea of how I live with him, I have beefsteak and molasses for breakfast, green tea, and bread, with biscuits, potatoes in abundance; for dinner, a good joint, with pies, apple pies, or pudding of different sorts; and for tea we have meat or eggs, molasses, and apple jam, cakes, biscuits, sometimes pancakes, along with other cake too. The cake is generally about what Gowan or Thompson, in Dublin, would sell you for their best seed cake. I have a bed-room to myself, except that one of the boss's children sleeps with me, in a very good feather bed; everything very clean. Indeed, I am very comfortable, and learning farming beside.

"I remain your loving son,"

This is the letter of the son of a J.P. in two counties in Ireland, the owner of large property, and one whose family for generations have been in the same position; in fact, one with blue blood in his veins. I invariably find such are the readiest to adapt themselves to circumstances, as the thoroughbred horse invariably makes the best hack. The old saying—"An ounce of blood worth a pound of flesh."

Now, read the account of the board; and also the fact that in Toronto, Montreal, or any other town in Canada, you would, if there to-night, see the labourers' wives buying their leg of mutton or rib of beef for to-morrow's dinner; not like Belfast, buying the scraggy bits of "all sorts" at so much a pound. Last Winter the wife of a carpenter, named Duncan, who left Belfast in the Spring previous, wrote to a Mrs. Montgomery, Belfast, saying that she had bought in the town of Kingston the carcass of a cow for their Winter's beef at 2d. a pound. Having seen the prosperity and comfort of the working classes in Canada, I wrote, long before the Government contemplated sending emigration agents to Europe, to the *Daily Express*, Dublin, telling them, in language stronger than any I used since my appointment as a representative of Canada, of the folly and of the injustice to themselves and families of remaining in this country, barely *existing*, when they could live comfortably and realise a competency for old age in Canada. Who can show me any prospect except the workhouse for the labourer who remains in Ireland until too old to work? I, on the other hand, defy any man to find the second generation of farm labourers in Canada—to find any industrious farm labourer who has not in four or five years become the owner of a farm of his own. I travelled for years continuously through Canada, seldom more than a week in one place, and never met one asking alms, or an ill-fed, ill-clad man, woman, or child. If I were not an Irishman, but a Canadian sent to this country, would I have any difficulty in seeing the wretched contrast? Certainly not; especially with an office so convenient to your Workhouse gate. I might myself do as well in Ireland as in Canada; but what I love Canada for, is that I never witnessed poverty I could not relieve; and, though your correspondent, "One who has Travelled in Canada," puts me outside the pale of "humane" persons, and libelled me as one who would send a young man to a premature grave for the sake of a fee, I thank God I am not indifferent to the want and misery I see in this wealthy town, and am free to confess that I would enjoy the good things which God in His mercy and goodness has bestowed upon me with more relish if I knew, as in dear, dear Canada, that wealth was more evenly divided, and that no man, woman, or child wanted good, wholesome food.

"Fair land of peace, O! may'st thou ever be
 Even as now, the land of liberty—
 Honoured of nations, and approved of God;
 On thy fair front emblazoned clear and bright,
 Freedom, fraternity, and equal right."

Canada cries to the poor, underpaid, miserably-fed, working
 classes of this country—"Give, give your work, and you shall
 be repaid in comfort and independence."—Yours obliged,

CHARLES FOY.

Canadian Government Emigration
 Department—Offices, 11, Clare-
 mont Street.
 Belfast, June 20, 1874.

P.S.—In the hands of the printer, to be published in
 pamphlet form, for gratuitous circulation, the entire correspon-
 dence "Emigration or no Emigration," as it appeared in the
News-Letter, not omitting the "Baron Munchausen" story,
 copied from the *Liverpool Albion*. C. F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—Please publish the following extracts from Immigration
 Agents in Canada.—Yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

"South Quebec, June 7th, 1874.

"DEAR SIR—I have a great number of applications for farm
 labourers, married and single; also for domestic servants. If
 you can send me some.—Yours faithfully,

"JAMES THOM."

"Toronto, 5th June, 1874.

"DEAR SIR—Your favour of the 18th ult. to hand. . . .
 Yesterday we had 400 emigrants at breakfast in the depot, and
 last night we had not a dozen left.—Yours faithfully,

"JOHN A. DONALDSON.

"Charles Foy, Esq."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—Seeing the above question has occupied a prominent place in the columns of your valuable journal for some time past, and having had some experience in the matter myself, I feel called upon to contribute a word or two on the subject, for the purpose of setting it in a proper light before the public.

About two years ago I purposed to go to some part of America, and through the representations of the agents for the Dominion I was induced to go to Canada.

The free grant land district of Muskoka was said to resemble the Garden of Eden in fertility. I will only say that if the "holding" of our first parents bore any resemblance to Muskoka we can forgive them for eating the forbidden fruit. The place is appropriately called "The Wilderness," and such a wild, barren, uninhabited, uncultivated tract of country one could hardly imagine.

Let any of your readers who are dissatisfied with the old country spend a few months at Muskoka, and I guess they'll be glad to get home again.

I will just give you a few particulars as to the nature of the country and the difficulties one has to contend with who is so rash as to emigrate here.

On arriving at Quebec we were huddled into a lot of cars no better than cattle-waggons, with hardly standing-room in them.

At Montreal half the passengers, although booked through to Toronto, started off for the States. Out of some 1,400 not more than twenty or thirty in all remained in Canada. Although I am an experienced business man I could raise nothing better than a dollar per day at unloading freight-cars at the Grand Trunk Railway Terminus. Board for self and wife cost seven dollars per week, so I had to find the other dollar somewhere else.

As this was not the way to grow rich I thought of the free-grant land. I started from Toronto for Bracebridge, a small village in Muskoka. I travelled out a few miles into the woods. An old man, riding upon a famished-looking horse, overtook me. He had travelled (so he told me) thirty miles through the "Wilderness" for some provisions, and was then returning home. A sack, tied in the middle, containing flour in the one end and meal in the other, hung from the one side of the horse, and a large codfish from the other. These were the provisions he had gone thirty miles for. He had left a comfortable home in England, where he had received a liberal education, and had many kind friends, and was then living in a state of semi-starvation, without the means of taking him home again. On

learning that I intended settling there he warned me solemnly not to do so. "Why," said I, "I will still be able to grow what potatoes will keep me alive anyhow?" "If you plant potatoes here," said he, "you'll have to blast them out with powder."

In a few days I found myself in Pittsburg, where I have been in receipt of 28 dols. per week ever since; and, having come over on a visit to the "ould darr," I feel bound to give my fellow-countrymen the benefit of my experience.—I remain sincerely yours,
IRISH-AMERICAN.

REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.

SIR—In the *News-Letter* of this day I read the letter of an "Irish-American," and his amusing—no doubt he thought it amusing—account of the free grant district of Muskoka. In fair play, I ask insertion of the opinions of Marshall, a writer whose independence cannot be questioned:—

"We visited a great number of the houses of the settlers. In no instance did we find anyone disheartened or faring ill. No doubt their life was hard and laborious, and somewhat solitary; but they had all apparently come to like it. Every man knew his neighbours, and received help from them, giving his own assistance in turn. We met at different points the son of a Devonshire clergyman and the nephew of a Lord Mayor of London, each contented and resolved to stay. We found also a number of Londoners who had been assisted out by Mr. Herring, and who were overjoyed at the unexpected sight of the face of an old friend. Without any exception, such settlers from the old country expressed their satisfaction at the change in their condition, and declined the thought of returning. Now that roads and steamboats are opening communication through the country, the course of raising a new home in the backwoods is by no means so arduous an undertaking as it may appear to our imagination at home. The "bee" is popular; it affords a pleasant variety and excitement to the backwood life; it allows opportunity for talk, advice, and the forming of new acquaintanceships. Besides, everyone who comes is expecting to have a "bee" for himself for getting in his wheat, or raising a shed, or building his second house. Several of our Muskoka party assisted for a short time at one of these gatherings. A finer score of men than those whom we found assembled it would be difficult anywhere to meet. They all worked with a will, whistling or singing, with bits of talk and an occasional joke. At a neighbour's house, lent for the occasion, there was a table

well spread with pork and beans, and good bread and strong tea for the noonday meal. It is a general custom, well honoured in the observance, not to offer ale or strong drink on these occasions. The expense would be too great for many an immigrant; and, besides, the men meet together for hard work. A lusty young man, with a taste for 'roughing it,' need not hesitate to commence in the bush without a cent. He can get work enough on the first day of his arrival to pay for his food. He can join a settler in clearing his plot on condition of receiving similar assistance. In the growing towns he can always earn some spare money. If put to a push he can get a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day at some lumbering works, and there is always one near. We found such men, who had come there penniless, and were now doing well. If a man is healthy and strong, and means to work, he has nothing to fear here, and everything to hope."

This is the report of Marshall, who was accompanied by the Rev. Styleman Herring, of London, who went to see for himself how hundreds whom he had sent out of poverty in London were doing. Would that some of our self-styled "patriots," our anonymous lovers of Irishmen, would imitate such a noble example. It would be something for happy reflection, instead of a selfish desire to keep people at home in order to have a cheap labour market. Dr. MacCormac's letter in *Saturday's News-Letter* closed so much in unison with my own idea of the relative position of employer and employed in this country, that I forgive his harsh language towards Canada; but as on the question of mortality I gave him some information, I will enlighten him on the growth of Indian corn in Canada. An English gentleman, in an account of his travels through the States and Canada, says:—"In one of the Southern counties of Ontario I walked through a field of, I suppose, forty acres of this splendid plant, growing to a height of eighteen to twenty feet, and yielding thirty-seven tons to the acre, as food for cattle. It was then being cut down green. I plucked an ear nearly ripe, eighteen inches long, and out of curiosity counted the large grains of the ear. They numbered 600—an enormous increase on sown grain." One fact for your correspondent, "Irish American."

From January the 1st to October 1st, 1873, 6,500 Americans reported themselves as coming into Canada as settlers.

Now, Mr. Editor, give me the smallest modicum of fair play, in the use of your columns, to reply to attacks on my adopted country, and I will guarantee to answer all comers, anonymous and otherwise, though I despise the cowardice which prevents men writing over their names; if they are not *pretended* patriots they have nothing to be ashamed of. Patriotism

is not anything to be ashamed of; but, perhaps, the public might, if their names were given, see that "Employer" would be the appropriate *nom-de-guerre* for these writers. Dr. MacCormac signs his name; and if his weekly incubations would produce something about Canada alone I would reply to whatever he might write until the millenium, if he and I would be spared so long, though I was warned by a brother professional of the doctor's that the *cacoethes scribendi* is the doctor's disease. I have no objection to his *ventilating* the subject of emigration. The more it is *ventilated* the better for a good cause; and I can honestly tell my opponents I have been angling them, giving them line, sure to land my fish at the end. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

Already I see the victory. Not only have I answered all attacks, but my opponents are quarrelling with the position they at first took. The *News-Letter* asserted at first "that if the emigrants worked as hard at home they could do as well." The *News-Letter* now says, "if the waste lands of Ireland were reclaimed;" "but," replies the *Examiner*, another of my opponents, "if the *News-Letter* is sincere let it join us in demanding our native Parliament. *Nothing else will stop the artery.* Without this emigration will go on." "No Home Rule," cries the *News-Letter*.

Dr. MacCormac—and I thank him for his manliness in these days of golden calf idolatry—says, "The employers do not do their duty to the employed." What will "One who has Travelled in Canada" say to this? Settle it among yourselves, gentlemen. I say, meanwhile, thousands are carving out for themselves an independence in "The Land of Happy Homes," Canada.—Yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

Canadian Government Emigration
Department—Offices, 11, Clare-
mont Street.
Belfast, June 28, 1874.

MONEY TABLE.

STERLING MONEY IN CANADIAN CURRENCY.

Sterling Money.			Its value in dollars and cents.		Canadian Currency.	Its value in sterling Money.			
£	s.	d.	DOLS.	CTS.	DOLS.	CTS.	£	s.	d.
	1			02		01			0½
	2			04		02			1
	3			06		03			1½
	4			08		05			2½
	5			10		10			5
	6			12		15			7½
	7			14		20			10
	8			16		25		1	0½
	10			20		50		2	1
	11			22		1 00		4	1
1	0			24		2 00		8	3
1	3			30		3 00		12	5
1	6			36		4 00		16	5
1	9			43		5 00		1 0	6½
2	0			49		6 00		1 4	8
2	6			61		10 00		2 1	1
5	0		1	24		20 00		4 2	2½
10	0		2	48		25 00		5 2	9
1	0	0	4	87		50 00		10 5	6½
5	0	0	24	38		100 00		20 10	11½
10	0	0	48	67		500 00		102 14	9½
25	0	0	121	67		1,000 00		205 9	7
100	0	0	486	67		5,000 00		1,027 7	11½
1,000	0	0	4,866	67		10,000 00		2,054 15	10½

For general purposes, it will be sufficient to remember that the Canadian cent and the English halfpenny are almost identical in value.

LORD LISGAR ON EMIGRATION.

FROM THE DAILY EXPRESS (DUBLIN).

THE following letter has been addressed to Lord Lisgar by Charles Foy, Esq., Commissioner of Emigration for Dominion Government of Canada in the North of Ireland:—

Canadian Government Emigration Department,
Offices—11, Claremont Street.

To the Right Hon. Baron Lisgar, K.G., C.B., K.C.G., St. Michael and St. George, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Prince Edward, late Governor-General of Canada.

MY LORD—Your speech at the Headford Estates Agricultural Show held at Virginia, County Cavan, on the 13th inst., has attracted considerable attention, especially your remarks on emigration, your lordship having so recently returned from Canada.

Your lordship is reported to have said—"what would really stay the tide of emigration was the gradual assimilation of the wages and advantages enjoyed in Ireland to the wages and advantages in Canada and the United States. They were nearly on a par, as he saw in a Transatlantic paper that the farmers were holding out against giving their servants five shillings a day, and he knew that four shillings a day here was worth more than five shillings a day there."

Coming from Lord Lisgar, the effect of the extract I have quoted must be to make the people doubt the representations of myself and other emigration agents from Canada. I therefore venture to hope that your lordship will recognise my duty in making this letter public. I will in justice to myself, give cause for advocating emigration, and quote facts as proofs that the advantages of both countries—Ireland and Canada—are far distant from assimilation. Before going into proofs, I may remind your lordship that, as your lordship is aware, by specific instructions, the Canadian Government emigration agents are told to in nowise exaggerate the advantages Canada offers to the emigrant.

Your lordship quoted four shillings a day as the wages of mowers at Bailieborough. Now, my lord, how long did the mowing and four shillings a day continue?

Your lordship may be aware that in the beginning of last spring the "Ottawa Valley Immigration Society" remitted over £200 to me, to assist farm labourers to emigrate, and authorised me to give them a yearly engagement at from £35 to £40 sterling, with good board and lodging. The emigration agents in England and Scotland had money sent to them for the same purpose. First-class farm hands, who made no engagement here, got £50 a year; and one man, James Armstrong, from the county Fermanagh, got £60 a year. The Compton Colonization Society will guarantee work on the Megantic Railway at 5s a day. They will build a house for the labourer, give him a few acres of land, and he can purchase as many acres as he chooses at 2s 6d an acre, and get years to pay the purchase money. When, my lord, will the wages in this country be assimilated to £35 and £40 a year? And, if they ever be, who will be able to pay such wages? Surely, not the tenant farmers. *Ergo*, instead of staying the tide of emigration, an assimilation of wages would add tenant farmers emigrants to the tide of farm labourers now, thanks to reduced passages, flowing so rapidly.

As to the relative value of money in Canada and in this country, I can myself assure your lordship that £300 a year in Canada is as good as £500 a year in Ireland.

I take the liberty of mailing to your lordship's address the *Ottawa Weekly Citizen*, of the 30th ult., in which your lordship may see the quotations of the Ottawa market of that day. I cannot, by any rule of arithmetic, come to the conclusion that 4s

would purchase as much in Belfast market as 5s in Ottawa market. I quote the prices of a few articles:—Bread, white, 4lb loaf 5d to 6d; salt butter, 5½d to 6d; cheese, 4½d to 7½d; potatoes, 1s to 1s 8d per bushel; sugar, 4½d to 5d per lb; tea, 2s to 2s 6d per lb; eggs, 6d to 9d per dozen; tobacco, 1s to 2s per lb; beer, 2d to 5d per quart; beef, 4d to 6½d per lb; ham, 5d to 6d per lb. Of course, your lordship knows that in country districts prices are much lower.

The advantages Canada offers to the labourer are not only high wages, but the possibility, nay the certainty, with ordinary prudence, of the hired labourer becoming the employer of labourers. I have been in the farm-houses of the owners of from 500 to 700 acres of good land, well stocked, many of them from the county Cavan, who left this country farm labourers. Can your lordship, or any other person, give me one instance of a farm labourer in Ireland becoming, by industry, no matter how persevering, by penury the closest, the owner of ten acres of land? In Canada the emigrants who arrived this year, and who engaged at £35 or £40 a year, look forward with hope that in four or five years ... most they will own good farms. The Irish labourer, when too old to work, has only the workhouse to look to. I never met, or heard of the second generation of labourers in Canada. In Ireland, if they remain in it, the great-grandsons will be labourers, as their great-grandfathers were. In the pamphlet which I take the liberty of sending to your lordship, you may see copies of letters from emigrants who, in six months, remitted £18 to pay the passages of wives and children whom they were compelled to leave behind for want of means to pay their passages. Who ever heard, my lord, of an Irish labourer at home saving £18 in six months, in six years—might I not say in a lifetime? I remember well with what pride I, with other County Cavan men, listened to a speech made by your lordship at a banquet given to Prince Arthur in Toronto. In that speech your lordship alluded to the magnificent farms, the splendid brick farm-houses, resembling, as you said, landlords' castles in Ireland, which you saw in your journey through Ontario. Now, my lord, had your lordship visited those houses, a large majority of the owners would show you with pride—would we had such manly pride in Ireland—the log house in which they commenced as farmers on their own account, and tell you that they left Ireland without twenty, or ten shillings, perhaps, in their pockets—poor farm labourers. When, my lord, will the advantages of Ireland assimilate to these? When they do, the tide of emigration will ebb indeed, and I will heartily join in denouncing emigration. When the Irish labourer can kill his own pig, buy the best meat in the shambles every day he wishes to eat it; when he can see his way clear to becoming the owner of a farm, with no dread of a workhouse funeral, then, my lord, I will cry, "Erin-go-Bragh." But till

then I will, with Sydney Smith, cry, "Erin-go-Bragh: Erin-go-nonsense, Erin-go-bread-and-cheese."

Pray accept the assurance of the sincere respect of your lordship's obedient servant,

CHARLES FOY, Emigration Agent for Canadian
Government for North of Ireland.

Belfast, Sept. 14, 1872.

P.S.—Just as I closed this letter a man named Herriott, a carpenter, who left here last December, called to tell me he had returned for his wife and family. He tells me that he has been living in the village of Chelsea, within eight miles of Ottawa, where he has bought, or is in negotiation for, a lot. His experience is that four shillings in Chelsea are as good as seven shillings in Belfast; that he can support his family comfortably on three dollars a week (equal to 12s 6d sterling), and that is just one day's pay of a good carpenter.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

To the Editor of the "Belfast Times."

SIR,—I would be much obliged if you would publish the following letter from the Government agent (Canadian) at Ottawa.—Yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

"Government Immigration Office, Ottawa,
15th July, 1872.

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 27th ult. reached me in due course. William Larkin, C. Gray, and D. Cook arrived here, and were immediately engaged. David Larkin went to Mr. Smith's brickyard, where the other Belfast brickmakers are, the morning after his arrival. D. Cook is employed by Mr. Galbraith, of Almonte, to take charge of a farm. Wages, 240 dols. per annum, equal to £50 sterling, with, of course, board and lodging. These terms are exceptional, but Cook is a scientific farmer. Gray is employed by the widow of the Hon. T. M'Kay. Wages, 192 dols., or £40 per annum. Larkin gets the wages you engaged him for.—Yours, very truly,

"W. J. WILLS.

"CHARLES FOY, Esq., Commissioner of Emigration, Belfast."

The men Cook and Gray worked in the Botanic Gardens, Belfast. C. F.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

To the Editor of the Belfast "News-Letter."

SIR,—It is admitted that one proof is worth a thousand assertions. When I arrived in Belfast, as the representative of the Dominion of Canada, I said I would appeal to the letters of the emigrants, the result of my first year's representations, for my success in following years. I published in the Irish Press, and in pamphlet form, a large number of letters. I now send the list of names, and amount of money sent to me to forward friends, which is, of course, independent of large amounts paid for tickets to Canada, and money sent direct to friends. I think no person will gainsay the truth of good reports represented by £ s. d.—
Yours truly, CHARLES FOY.

Eliza Lindsay, Mary Milligan, £8 10s; Ellen Wilson, £4 5s; Richard Joice, £5 15s; Jane Wallace, Elizabeth Wallace, James Wallace, Catherine Wallace, Emily Wallace, Mary Ann Wallace, £23 7s 6d; Alexander Usher, Mrs. Usher, Mary Eliza Usher, Sarah Usher, Andrew Usher, £21 5s; Maggie Faccett, £5 5s; Elizabeth Mallen, Maria Mallen, Teresa Mallen, £12 15s; Honora Maher, £4 5s; Joseph Shaw, wife, and two children, £12 15s; Margaret M'Adoo, £4 5s; James Taggart, Benjamin Taggart, £8 10s; Anne Cuming, £4 5s; Mrs. W. Triadale, £4 5s; Anastasia Barry, £6; Eliza M'Grath, £4 5s; Mary Davies, £4 5s; Jane Eliza Hughes, £2 2s 6d; Anne Maria Hughes, £2 2s 6d; Peter Kelly, Patrick Kelly, Thomas Kelly, Ellen Kelly, Bridget Kelly, £20 15s; Eliza Overend, £4 5s; her husband, Jas. Overend, a carpenter, left Belfast on 2nd May, and his letter is dated Ottawa, June 28th.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

To the Editor of the Northern Whig.

SIR,—The following letter is from a Co. Tyrone emigrant who went to Canada a few years ago. His brother and ten of a family purpose going on the 22nd inst.—Yours obliged,

CHARLES FOY.

Canadian Government Emigration Department,
Offices—11, Claremont Street, Belfast,
13th November, 1872.

Tyendinago, near Napanee,
Canada, 22nd October, 1872.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTERS,—I received your long-looked-for, kind, and welcome letter. I wrote several times to you, but received no answer. I received yours on the 10th inst., and now

hasten to answer the same. You want to know if you could do better in Canada than in Ireland. I shall let you know how some men are getting on here. I know several men here who came to Canada, some with £1, some with £2, and some had to work their way here, who are worth thousands of pounds now. One man told me that he had 6d when he landed in Quebec, and now his property could not be bought for £7,000; and he is not the only man—there are hundreds of such men in this country. There is no man who comes here but can do well if he is industrious and attends to his business. There is plenty of employment for every man, woman, and child here; if all in Ireland would come they would get employment, and every one over eighteen years a free grant of 100 acres of land. Our Government is commencing a railroad from Ottawa to the Pacific Ocean, 2,800 miles, and men will get from 8s to 10s a day next summer, working on it. My next neighbour sold his farm at £500, and went to the Red River settlement last spring. The Government gives every adult 160 acres of the best prairie land in the Red River settlement. This land will produce 60 bushels (sixty) of wheat per acre, and there is room for millions, so that if all in Ireland came, every one could get 160 acres. The Red River settlement is 800 miles from here. If you would not like to take so long a journey, you could get a farm here for £200, by paying down £100, and the remainder by yearly instalments; or you could rent 100 acres at from £20 to £30 a year. There is one man in the front of this township who has a farm rented from the Indians; he has this year 1,800 bushels of wheat, 1,000 bushels of barley, besides peas and oats. Wheat is worth 5s 3d a bushel; barley, 3s; peas, 8s; oats, 2s. This township is twelve miles square, and the Indians have three miles by twelve in the front of it. As they do not like farming, they rent it all. They are all civilised and christianised; they are the Mohawk tribe; splendid men, and every one of them an Orangeman. They gave Mr. Johnston, M.P. for Belfast, a beautiful crown, when he visited Shannonville. This is a very quiet country. We have no thieves. I never lock my doors at night, nor my granary. Dear brother, if you had left Ireland ten years ago you would have been independent now. Your boys could earn from £2 to £3 a month, and your girls £1 a month. Our next neighbour's daughter was offered £18 5s a year, and would not accept it. I am paying a man 3s a day for splitting rails for fencing. I sell them at £1 per 100. I have made £80 off lambs and milk this summer; and, as the cheese factory does not close until the 1st November, I expect to get £5 or £6 more. I have not threshed my grain yet, but the machine is to be with me next week, and it can thresh from 300 to 400 bushels a day and clean it. Adam M'Alister has got 500 bushels threshed. Adam said, when he had read your letter, that you could do better

in this country by begging than in Ireland on a small farm. We had a hearty laugh at your saying that you had not been at Dun-naskellon for twelve months. We think nothing of going ten or twelve miles to see a friend. We had a visit from my wife's niece and family, from Council Bluff, State of Ohio, 1,700 miles from here. Napanee is ten miles from here, and when there is good sleighing we can go in an hour. Dear brother, I think that the sooner you leave Ireland the better for both you and your family. I would not live in Ireland on the best farm you could hunt up. No farmer could live in Ireland as he could live here. Our pork was done last week. I will kill a sheep to do until the weather gets cool enough to kill my hogs. They are so fat they can hardly rise to eat. I am fattening two beef cattle, one to sell and the other to eat. Adam and Esther are well; they say they will take one of our daughters, as they live alone. John Doyle and family are well; he is building a house. We have a very plentiful harvest. I never saw better times in Canada.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT EMIGRATION DEPARTMENT.

Office—11, Claremont Street,
(Off University Road),
Belfast, July 22, 1872.

To the Editor of the Belfast Times.

SIR,—I would be much obliged if you would publish the accompanying letter, just received from the Immigration Agent at Toronto.—Yours truly, *and out of Ireland* CHARLES FOY.

"Immigration Office, Toronto,
July 5, 1872.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The emigrants by the "Nestorian" arrived here at one a.m., and now (at ten a.m.) there is not one at the depot. The flax-scutchers went to the mills of Messrs. Fuller & Co., Stratford. Can you send some more?

"The two Belfast girls were engaged as servants in the university before they were an hour here; wages, £15 a year each.

"We are not getting a tithe of the labour we require. Farmers are paying from 20 to 25 dollars a month, with good board.

"The weather has been very fine of late, and crops look remarkably well; farmers are commencing to cut their hay. When the general harvest is fairly in, I don't know what we are to do for labourers.

With passages at £4 5s, and a bonus from the Ontario Government, after three months' residence, of 6 dollars, or 25s sterling—

with wages from £4 to £5 a month and good board—can you not induce our countrymen to come to us, where in a few years they may own good farms and be employers, instead of remaining hired servants in Ireland for their lifetimes?—Yours faithfully,

“JOHN A. DONALDSON.

“CHARLES FOY, Esq., Belfast, Ireland.”

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT EMIGRATION
DEPARTMENT.

Office—11, Claremont Street, Belfast.

To the Editor of the Belfast Times.

SIR,—Would you kindly publish in the *Times* the following letter from a young man who emigrated to Canada from the neighbourhood of Newtownbreda last March, and oblige yours truly,

CHARLES FOY.

Belfast, June 25, 1872.

“Ottawa, 3rd June, 1872.”

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—Since I wrote last I am glad to say that I am getting on well, and like my employer, the Hon. James Skead, well, and the country is very pleasant to live in, and I hope to be able to make a good living at my trade in a short time, as wages for all tradesmen are very high all over Canada, particularly about Ottawa, the capital, where there are a great many buildings going up, and all sorts of manufactories starting, so there is work for all who come out. I should like to know if John is coming out. Tools are very dear here, so he had better bring all his with him.

“When you write to Julius, in Liverpool, you had better recommend him, if he intends to come to America, to come to Ottawa, as he will find no trouble in getting work; and, from all I can learn, it is the best part of Canada for tradesmen of all kinds as well as labourers. Tradesmen get from 6s to 8s sterling per day and their board, and labourers 4s to 5s a-day with board. How is Mr. Frazer getting on? and has he any idea of coming out? I would advise him to come out to this country; for all farmers about here appear to be very wealthy; but they have to work hard, as the season is short for farm work.

“Ask Mrs. Gaw if she intends coming out this year. She can get a good situation here without any trouble.

If I am spared, I hope to be able to pay you all a visit in a year or two, as travelling is very cheap.

“I hope you are all well. With kind remembrance to all friends, and love to all at home, I remain your affectionate son.

“ ”

FROM A CARPENTER WHO FORMERLY LIVED
IN BELFAST.

Pembroke, Ontario, Canada,

June 23, 1873.

DEAR MR. FOY,—Perhaps you thought I should have written to you before now, and so I should, but I have so many relatives to write to I get tired. You may see by the above address I am in Pembroke; you know where that is no doubt. Mr. Wills recommended me to go there, as it was a growing town, and it is a very good place; but I can't dwell on this point now, but I will write you another letter when I have more time, as I am in a hurry for the mail. You will find enclosed a money order for £4 5s. I want a ticket for my wife. I wrote to Mr. Stafford, Quebec, about getting out my wife, and he sent my letter to Mr. Wills, Ottawa; so Mr. Wills sent me a letter from Ottawa last Wednesday, which I enclosed in a letter which I sent to my wife to give to you, and the letter stated for to send him 21 dols. 25 cents, or £4 5s, or to send that amount to you to Belfast, so I thought it would save time to send it to you, as the Canadian Government, as you are aware, have made a contract with the Allan Line to that effect. I told my wife to send Mr. Wills' letter to you, but I suppose it is not necessary. She is not living in Belfast now, but at her father's place in Gilford. Very likely she will call with you, but I wish you to send her ticket in care of Mr. Robert Crothers, Bleach Green Hill, Dunbarton, Gilford, County Down. This is the address in full. She is thirty years of age. Perhaps you don't recollect me. I went with my wife in April last to your office at about nine o'clock at night. I was not determined to go, but from the accounts you gave us of what you saw in Canada, and what you knew men in my trade to do in Toronto and other parts, my wife said "James, go." You laughed, and said she was like the wife of a man named Larkin, who, when her husband cowed the morning he was to leave for Derry, pushed him out, and then you read us Larkin's letter when he wrote for his wife and child. You may mind me now. I am a carpenter by trade. I am well pleased with my flit. I want my wife out in the first steamer from she gets my letter. I send her one at the same time I send yours,—I remain your obedient servant,

JAMES OVEREND.

To Charles Foy, Esq.,
Commissioner of Emigration, Belfast, Ireland.

FROM A FARMER WHO EMIGRATED FROM THE
COUNTY CAVAN.

Duart, Province of Ontario, Canada.

October 14, 1872.

To Charles, Poy, Esq.,

Commissioner of Emigration, Belfast, Ireland.

MY DEAR SIR,—We were glad to see your letter in reply to the remarks of Lord Lisgar on emigration. It is, indeed, strange that he would make such a speech after seeing Canada. No person who has been here but must know that there is no comparison between Ireland and this country, as far as the prospects of an industrious, honest man are concerned. I think, from the offices I held in Ireland, few had a better opportunity of knowing the deprivations and almost more than human exertions of industrious, honest families to try and exist—not live. If a cow or horse died they were on the wrong side of the balance for the workhouse; here in this happy, prosperous land, if such a loss occur, it costs no more trouble than the cracking of an egg.

It is no use Lord Lisgar boasting of four shillings a day for a start of a few days' mowing. Here a man can have his York shilling (6d stg.) an hour and comfortable board, and lighter work mowing here than in Ireland.

I see by our papers this week that female servants are offered twenty dollars per month, (£4 sterling), and they have a good prospect of being married to a hundred-acre farmer, and becoming mistress of a happy home—a contrast to the prospects of servant girls in Ireland.

The more I see of this country the more I am convinced of the great mistake of my countrymen attempting to live and pay rent on small farms; it is a mistake of landlords and tenants. A man cannot do justice to himself or family, or live, as men who work have a right to live, on less than ten or fifteen acres of *free* land. A farmer here with a couple of stout sons, having 100 acres, will think nothing of buying another 100 acres of improved land, at say £600 sterling, and in three years clear off the purchase money. You see the produce, or the surplus produce of the old farm, after supporting the family comfortably, goes with the produce of the new purchase to pay up the purchase-money. This will generally take only three years; and meanwhile the family are not pinched as the poor farmers of Ireland pinch themselves. They think no more of killing a sheep or cow than the poor farmer's wife in Ireland would think of killing a superannuated hen. We have everything in this country to make the heart glad. Our grapes of the finest and largest quality, gathered by the children who, not like the children of the poor in Ireland, know the happiness of childhood, are not from they are able to walk, acquainted with

the hardships of penury. Every good house-wife has her own wine-press. Every good farmer has an orchard, and makes his barrels of cider. Every farmer has his 120 dol. or 200 dol. vehicle, and as good a span of horses as ever Colonel Clements drove. Every industrious man in Ireland, if they came here, could be thus independent as God intended them to be.

I know men who, a few years ago, had not the price of an axe, who went to farm on shares, and to-day hold property of 200 a res each, free for ever. I'll tell you what an industrious poor man can do. He can from the first day he puts his foot on Canadian soil, live as well as any man should wish, and the highest and best in Canada will think it no condescension to shake the honest man by the hand, and will say, "Cheer up, brother, I was just as you are a few short years ago. Come on, here is the road to independence. Keep clear of Mr. Damnation Whiskey, and you must become independent. We have none of the 'haw-haw' would-be gentlemen you have in Ireland, who are ashamed to confess that they ever were poor, or their fathers before them. I am sure you will agree with me, that any man who could rid the old sod of these brainless, hisping idiots, would be doing as much good as St. Patrick, when he rid Ireland of snakes. The total absence of such in Canada is one of the greatest charms of the country for me. The Canadians love manliness and manly sports. It is wonderful how soon the most cringing, fawning, toady Irishman learns to stand erect, and look up like a man, who knows that an honest, industrious man has no superior but his Creator. You know that a Canadian gentleman would spurn with loathing a creeping, crawling sycophant."

Are the people of Ireland afraid of the climate of Canada? If they were here they would hear none of the nasty barking coughs they hear so often in their own country. Canada is, without doubt, the healthiest country in the world. As you said, in one of your excellent pamphlets, more people, for the population, die in Canada over 80 than in any other country in the world. It is not unusual to meet a man, and ask- "What is your age? What would you think? Well, I would take you to be about 60." "I am 85; and, thank God, as lively as a cricket." "If you remained in Ireland you would not be so hearty." "I would have been dead long since; my father died at 63, my grandfather at 65." But I need not tell you who must have met many an old County Cavan man in your travels through Canada. This is the country for the industrious farmer, for the farm labourer, for the servant girl, for the tradesman, in fact, for all who are willing to work and able; also for the men of small stated incomes with families to support. Here they can live at half the cost they could in Ireland; here they have free schools, second to none in the world, thanks to our countrymen, Dr. Ryerson. Should

misfortune overtake a man here, should his crops be a failure, should his cattle die, should all be swept away from him, all for miles around are ready to lift him. Talk of the warm big heart of an Irishman. The difference is—my poor countrymen would if they could," the Canadians "can and they will." Lord Dufferin is a great favourite, and Ireland may be proud of the Countess.

In conclusion, I thank God who directed my steps to this land of peace and plenty. I have nearly four hundred acres of land mine own—no bailiff to visit me; a good village property—two good stores doing a good business. This is my experience, and I would like Lord Lisgar, "or any other man," to prove to me how I could have done as well had I remained in the County Cavan. But I suppose I am like the old woman who said she differed with St. Paul—Lord Lisgar does not care for my opinion. Well, I can reply, "Ditto."—Yours very truly,

EDWARD M'CULLOM.

THE writer of the following letters was in the Constabulary force, and stationed in Belfast. Immediately before his marriage, he called with me to ask my advice about going to Canada. I advised him to get married and emigrate. When he and his wife arrived in Canada, they went to our Agent in Toronto (Mr. Donaldson), and gave him my letter of introduction. His wife, who was a good servant, went to service as cook, at £3 for the first month, £4 for the second and £4 10s. for the third. The husband got work at 2 dols. a-day. At the end of three months the wife left service, and with what money the husband and she had saved, they started a boarding-house. She says in a letter to her sister, "Much as I love dear old Ireland I would not go back to live there." The profits of the boarding-house will more than support them and they can put his wages, nearly the pay of a Sub-Inspector of Constabulary, into the bank. Well may he say I told him the truth, when I said he would thank God for leaving the Force. Many of his comrades in Belfast told me of his success before I got the letters I now publish. C. F.

Alliston Brook, Co. Lambton,
Province of Ontario, Canada,
8th September, 1872.

DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW—I drop a few lines again to you. I hope they will find you in good health, as we are at present, thank God. I see by the papers that there has been great riots in Belfast; if you could send me a paper of some old date—say the paper of the first week in September. I got only one paper of all you sent me. Mary and I is watching a letter from you or Thomas every day. I expect to go to London on the 8th of October and get a passage-ticket for Tom, if he will come out in November. Mary will come to London with me. We have a London in Canada as well as in England. I

will write again to you as soon as I get your letter, and I will, perhaps, send Thomas some money to get himself ready for this country, and let him go to see my sister before he leaves; he will get by train to Cavan, and by van to Crossdoney.

Dear Sir, I believe I forgot to tell you in my last letter, about our young son; he was born on the 20th April last; we called him John Joseph. I thought I told you in my last letter, but Mary tells me I did not.—No more at present, but remain your

SON-IN-LAW.

P.S.—I am working by the day now. I have 8s 4d per day of English money; that is pretty good.

October 21, 1872.

DEAR FATHER-IN-LAW—I send these few lines to let you know that we are all well. I received your letter in due time, and I was glad to hear of your being all well. Dear Sir, I am glad Tom is going to come out. I have a place for him at 7s 3d per day all the year. I am keeping a boarding-house for the men. I am working still; there is eight of us in number. I have a girl hired at £1 a month. I am getting 12s 6d a week each for boarding men. I sent £9 to——— to pay Tom's passage, and buy some things he may want. Mr.——— will see Tom all right, and I told you all he would want on the vessel, and what he will want to bring to this country. I also told about the route to my sister's. When Tom comes to Portland he will get the train to Waterford. When he arrives in Waterford let him leave his boxes in M'Donnell's store-house, and walk to Alliston Brook, and call in any house, and they will show him the way to where I live. If he is short of money when he lands in Portland, let him stop in some place, and write to me for more; let him mind his things well on board the ship or they may be stolen from him. Let him bring me a good black thorn stick and a Ballykilbeg pipe.—Your

SON-IN-LAW.

To———

Ballinderry Upper,
County Antrim, Ireland.

—
Alliston, Co. Lambton, Canada,
11th October, 1873.

Dear Brother,—I changed my mind since I wrote. I want you out this winter. I told you in my last letter that Tom and I were at work on our own farm, we bought one hundred acres of land and sold it out again, and bought the timber of 100 acres, and are going to make hoops; we have two years to take the hoop timbers off the place, from the first January, 1874, so we want Phillip to come out this winter and we can all work together. We have two men hired at present, for six months each.

I am sending your passage to Mr. Foy, 11, Claremont Street, Belfast, the gentleman by whose advice I came to this country, his office is near the workhouse on the Lisburn Road. Be sure and make no delay when you get this letter. I will send you £2 to get you ready. One knife, one fork, tin pint, tin dish and spoon, one tick at 1s 6d, and one rug or blanket. These are all you want on the vessel and 2d worth of saltwater soap, which you will get on the quay. No matter what any man says, you want no more. Ask Mr. Foy for a certificate and he will give it to you, that is for six dollars of your passage money, that you will get back again when you are three months here. Bring all the blackthorn sticks you can get, they are of great value here; bring, of good clay pipes, about 7 or 8 dozen; get a small box and pack them with sawdust or bran. Tom will send you some more money as soon as you come out. When you come to Portland, get the agent to sign the certificate you get from Mr. Foy, then you will get your six dollars back again. You will get a free train from Portland to Montreal, and from Montreal to Toronto, and to Watford from Toronto. You can leave your box at the railway at Watford. If you come into Watford on either Monday, or Wednesday, or Friday, you can get to Alliston on the post car for 50 cents. If you can't get your certificate signed at Portland, get it signed by the agent at Montreal.

I send a few lines from Mary.—Your affectionate brother,

From the wife—Dear Father and Mother,—I am greatly disappointed that you would not let my sister come out to me; I have a great deal to do, and it would be a great comfort and ease to me if I had Mary with me to help me; I did not want her to go to strangers, if she had come to me, but it could not be helped now. I hope you are all well, I am in good health. Thank God I have good care and good food; everyone gets good food. I would wish to see you all in this country of ours. Thomas is very happy with his sister, far more so than in Ireland, and the baby is very proud of him; I am glad to hear of all the folks; let me know how Miss Susan Moreland is, if she is at home. Dear Father and Mother I must conclude with much love to you, Joseph sends his love to you also.—I remain, your affectionate daughter,

From a young man (a carpenter) who emigrated from Newtown-breda, April, 1872.

Ottawa, 3rd June, 1873.

MY DEAR MRS. GAW—I am happy to say I am well, My pay is about 40 dols. per month (£8), working at my trade, but of course I cannot draw my money until I have all expenses paid, getting clothes and buying tools. I am very comfortable and doing well, and

like the concern I am working in very much. Please let me know how _____ are. I have taken good care of myself since I came here, leaving liquor altogether alone. I have tried to find out where James Connor is, but cannot; he must have gone to some other part of America; should any of your friends think of emigrating, you had better advise them to come to Canada, particularly to Ottawa, as wages for all tradesmen are very high; lots of work, and living cheap. There is lots of work for females; sewing girls get 4s a day of your money. Give my love to _____. Write soon. Your true friend,

Claggan House, Cookstown,
1st Nov., 1872.

DEAR SIR,—The young man Moore, to whom you gave an assisted passage in August last, was engaged immediately after landing, in the town of Barrie, county Simcoe, at 4 dollars (16s 8d) a week and board and lodging. I send you his first letter, and when the promised second comes to hand I will send it to you.

Can you give assistance to families? I have a large family to send. The head of the family is about to sell his farm. He has ten of a family. I do not wish to speak to him about going until I hear from you.—Yours very truly,

GEORGE RAMSAY.

Charles Foy, Esq., Commissioner of Emigration,
Belfast.

The following is the letter alluded to :—

“ Barrie, Sept. 16, 1872.

“ DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you, and hope they will find you all in good health as God is pleased to leave me at present. I hope you received the few lines I sent you from Quebec. You would think I should have written more to you, but I had not time to spare. I enjoyed myself pretty well on the ocean; but when I got on the cars I did think it a very weary ride; so in place of getting out at Bradford I made a mistake and came on to Bramley, and, as I could not get back that night, I stopped there, and I found out that I was close to Uncle William's. I had some fun with them, as I did not make myself known till I came to Cousin William's; so he and I went out to James' on Saturday night. He was in bed and I had a fine lark with him. He was going to put me out, only William came in; and then he looked at me and said, 'Are you John Moore?' So we spent the night there, and then James and I, uncle John and aunt, drove out to Bond head; it is a distance of about 16 miles. I thought it a very nice place. I promised to stop a few

days; in the course of a month or so I shall be able to tell you something about it. My friends are all vexed with me for starting work so soon. They said if I would wait for a week there would be a better chance then. I was a little bit ripe on that point. I am getting 4 dollars a week, found in everything. I am coachman for a gentleman in the town of Barrie, and about five minutes' walk of Lake Simcoe. Barrie is a great business place, and I can see my friends every Saturday that they come to market.

I like this place very well, and I have not much work to do. Before I left Ireland I heard people say that they would not live in this country, but I cannot see what occasion they had for saying so, unless they were afraid of work; and I do say there is some good medicine for lazy people in this country and also plenty of work for them that wants, especially female servants, and I expect to have Martha in this country yet, but she must bear in mind she will have to work before she becomes independent. Cousin William says he thinks he will go to see you all next Summer, if he is spared to that time. He sent three letters to his father, and got no answer to either of them, and he thought he was left the old place, so you may tell him to look out for a letter in the course of three weeks, directed to Tubbermore Post Office. They all join in sending their best respects to you and all enquiring friends. I hope all my old acquaintances are in good health, and I expect to see them again, as I am not tired of ocean life, and will think less of my passage-money back. Remember me to all my brothers and sisters, and their families, and to all my friends. I shall write a letter to Mr. Ramsay in the course of a few weeks. So must now conclude, by bidding you all good-bye, and I hope you do not feel uneasy about me. May God bless you all; is the prayer for your son,

JOHN MOORE.

FROM A LINEN-LAPPER WHO LEFT BELFAST.

Waterford, Ontario, 29th May, 1870.

DEAR —, — You want to have my opinion about this place, I like it well. I am busy every day working in a lumber-yard, or what we call at home, a timber-yard. I am measuring it as it comes off the train, and is sent out to buyers. The wages I have are 5s a-day. I saw about another job on yesterday evening in a saw mill driving a small engine. I will get it if I like. I expect about 8s per day in that place, and in August I can get in a grist mill—that is, a flour mill—in Strathroy, at 8s a day. I would rather be there; it is more lively than this place; it is where my cousin Thomas is. There is a new brass band there belonging to the volunteers; they were wanting me to join, so I

intend to join when I go there; so you see how I have been doing since I came here. You say that George — is saving to come, and I would recommend you all to come out. If he comes you can send me word. If he has no other place to go to I will do all I can for him, on your account. There is no such thing as linnen-lapping here; you will have to take anything at first, like me. As for Jane the wages she would have would be six dollars (25s. British), and the provisions are so cheap—beef, 2^d per lb. I am telling you nothing but what I can stand over. You would do well; no person need be idle here if they want to work. I am quite happy.

Goderich, Canada West, June 8th, 1870.

Mr. THOMPSON, Armagh.

SIR,—As I am now settled for this year, I write you this letter, to let you know how we get along. When we came to Liverpool we were detained there for nine days, for which I received £3 7s 6d from Mr. Smith; he is a very nice gentleman. We went on board the "Lake Superior" on the 6th of April. We had a very rough passage. We had head-winds almost all the way. We landed in Toronto on the 9th of May. I went to Mr. Donaldson and gave him Mr. Foy's letter. He told me that there was a lady speaking to him about a farmer man, and to come again in two hours, and the ladies would be there. When she came she wanted a single man, so he gave me a ticket the same day to here. I stopped in an hotel in Goderich for four days, and had not to pay anything. I was sent free from Quebec, and we were well treated all the way. I engaged with a farmer, two miles out of Goderich; I got 200 dollars for this year, about £41 of your money, and free house and firing, and plenty of fruit, and the milk of three cows during the summer, and an acre of ground for potatoes. There are 200 acres of this farm; there is none living on it but us. My boss lives in town and keeps a livery stable. There is four of our children at school; the school is free. I am ploughing every day, and will be ploughing all summer for fall wheat. This is a nice country, and the people here are very kind. Please write me, and let me know if you have got any word from William Smith—where he is or what he is doing—and send me his address; I want to write to him. If you see Mr. Millen you can tell him I send my best respects to him. I have but little more to say. I am well pleased, for all Mr. Foy said is true, and I only wish I had come here ten years ago. Me and my family are first-rate. Nothing more at present.—Yours respectfully,

ALEXANDER BROWN.

Address—Alexander Brown,
Goderich, Canada West.

Portadown, 31st October, 1870.

Dear Sir,—You may recollect Wm. Woolsey, who was induced, by reading your lecture, to go to Canada, on the 12th May last. As a proof of how he is doing, he has sent me 18 guineas to pay the passage of his wife and four children. I have booked them for the "Austrian," to sail on the 10th November. As it will take all the money to pay their passages and make them ready, might I ask you to recommend them for a free train from Quebec to Aylmer, and thence to Quivi Village. Woolsey's letter is dated Fitzroy, 10th October, and postmarks on envelope are Onslow and Ottawa. I may tell you that Woolsey's former employer, Mr. Stewart, thought so much of him that he gave the wife and family a free house since he left. The names and ages of the family are:—Martha Woolsey, 35; Mary Woolsey, 10; William John Woolsey, 8; Elizabeth Woolsey, 6; Martha Jane Woolsey, 4; and Samuel 11 months.

When may we expect you again in Portadown? Please send me a fresh supply of your admirable lecture.—Yours truly,

D'ARCY SINNAMON,

Agent for Messrs. Allan Brothers,
Montreal Ocean Steamship Co.

The following is a literal copy of a letter received by the Commissioner of Emigration for Canada, in the North of Ireland:—
"Mr. Charles Foy. November 3, 1870.

"Dear Sir,—I had a letter from my children, stating by your letters they got a free passage in welcome from Quebec to their friends, and were kept a night in a hotel free, and everybody was very kind to them. I hope you will pardon me for not writing you before this, the reason was the children said they would soon write. I expected more information in it. When I get their letter, if there does be any more information in it I will write you again; I have not got it yet, I could not think of waiting any longer, you were so very kind to us, writing to us. I never seen a letter that I was so thankful for than yours, stating that the ship the children sailed in arrived safe, for which I return you sincere thanks; the children said, when they were leaving me, that they would write to you, and tell you the way they were treated. Anything I can do for Canada or you I will do it.

"Your obedient servant,

"ROBERT LINDSAY.

"Mukeny, Ballinamallard, Irvinestown, Co. Fermanagh."

Orchardhill, Canada,

July 11, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty to send you this note, and to sincerely thank you for your kindness to me, and to let you know

how I got on in this country. I landed in Ottawa on the 22nd of May, and Mr. Wills had my choice of three places for me, at £45 per year, but I would not work for that pay; I told the man I am working for now that I would go out one week on trial, and did so; well, I stopped with him for one month, and agreed with him, if I should continue to like his place, to work for him at £80 a year; of course this is Canadian money. I cannot say much for the country yet, I never wish to pass my opinion too quick; but you will get a letter from me in some time, and you will be at liberty to publish it any way you think fit, and I hope it will be as good as you get in common; but my mind was troubled, leaving a wife and family behind, it is a hard trial when a man's means are too poor to bring them with him. But I will send for them in a few months, and hope you will do all in your power for them.—Your obedient servant.

To Charles Foy, Esq.,

11, Claremount Street, Belfast.

The wife and family sailed in the following harvest. C. F.

Pembroke, Canada,
Sept. 17, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—Very fortunately I am not limited to time in writing to you, but I have so many friends and relatives to write to, that, although I have been reminded by different circumstances, at different periods, since I arrived in this great country, that I put it off from time to time, until I am beginning to think that you will class me with the people who have made great promises to write very often; but whose letters have been very few and far between, and their resolutions like the morning cloud and early dew. However, sir, when I make a promise, however insignificant in itself, I always intend to perform, in common decency, if I would not call, in justice, or uprightness at all, for I am indebted to you for the straightforward manner in which you acted in regard to our passages from Ireland to Canada, and also for the truthfulness and unbiassed information you gave, respecting the country, which has been so much overlooked, to some extent, in days gone by, but nevertheless, a country which I believe is destined to become one of the most flourishing on the face of the earth; but perhaps I may be going a little out of order, as my object is not to say what may or may not be, in future, in store for Canada, but more to give a little of my own short experience, or at least to help to remove some obstacles or stumbling-blocks out of the road of those at home, who are thinking of bettering their condition, by coming to America. Well, in the first place, I will state that most people have a certain idea, or rather certain ideas, in their minds, long before they come from home, what they will do, or what they will not do, never for a moment asking the Lord to bless their honest

endeavours to better their circumstances. Oh, to think how many misrepresentations of both the character of the country and its inhabitants, would be saved by a little prudence and foresight in this matter, and if any person will give a fair upright statement, not only by report, but by an experience coupled with sound, rational judgment in a matter which will affect the destinies, directly or indirectly, of generations yet unborn, but to a more practical and more substantial point,—Wages. Well these points are very well known by most people at home, but as this town is called a backwood town, I speak from experience. I am a Carpenter and Joiner, and have middle class wages, the height being 2 dols., and lowest 1½ dol. per day, for ten hours; the work is certainly easier than in Belfast, as a whole, the bosses, or masters, more sociable with their men, in fact, where I work at present, I could not find out who was the employer, until I enquired, and I have found him one of the best of men, and I believe, as a rule, it is so in most of places in Canada. When you take into consideration, board, &c., being 3 dols. a week, we may come to the conclusion that any man who wants to rise, to have a little independence through a few years, both from what I have seen personally, and information from those who have been here a considerable time, I would recommend them to come to Canada; they will enjoy liberty, both civil and religious, and if industrious, may soon become independent.

When I write next, I will enter into a more detailed account of the rates of this country.—Yours truly,

JAMES OVEREND.

To Charles Foy, Esq.,
11, Claremount Street, Belfast.

Waterford, January 18, 1873.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I received your letter on the 14th inst., and am glad to hear that you are well, but I am sorry to hear of Uncle William's death, and it will be very hard for Margaret to bring the children up. I am also sorry to hear of little John Whitten's death. You want me to tell you what a dollar is worth—A Canadian dollar is worth about 4s 2d, or thereabouts; but an American dollar is about 3s 10d. As for getting my health, I have no reason to complain of it, it's very good. Dear Father and Mother, I send you an order on the General Post Office for the sum of £7 sterling; but the other half of the order may not be in Belfast as soon as you get this letter. Since I have come to this country I never was so comfortable as where I am now, for I am very well used, and have a good feather bed to lie on. I am glad to hear that Edward has improved in his hand-writing. Tell him to be a good boy, and mind his school; and tell Thomas the same, and if spared to Easter, I will send Thomas, Edward, and Ellen, a present. As for how I enjoyed

myself at Christmas, I will tell you. I was out of employment at that time, and I was in the town of St. Thomas, and on Christmas morning I was wakened and raised out of my bed, as the next house to where I was stopping was on fire, and I assisted to put it out—at least, to keep the house I was stopping in from taking fire. That is the only Christmas I have seen yet in Canada. Thank God for my health, I never was better in all my life—that I remember. Dear Father and Mother, I think it very strange that you are so long before you received a letter from me. I answered every letter that I received from you. I am glad to hear that trade is doing so well. Let me know how all my friends are, and also all the neighbours. No more at present, but remain, your affectionate son,

WILLIAM J. GOULD.

Letter to a gentleman, near Cookstown, who recommended the writer to me for an assisted passage.

Nepean, Canada, January 19th, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—I take this opportunity of writing these few lines to you, hoping you will excuse me for not writing sooner, but I had very little time to spare since I came out here; it is a fine country for making money in, all sorts of labourers are in great demand. In next April there will be work for any amount of men here in Ottawa. I am told by the natives that this place has made more progress the last five years than it has done for twenty years before. Men get 2 dols. per day; servant girls are in great demand, they get from 5 dols. to 6 dols. a month, and their board. It is the best country in the world for girls, they never have to go outside to do any work. My master wonders very much that there is not a girl sent out to him, as he was thinking that there would be one out along with me, and you might try and get one out now, it is a good place, and they are the decentest people about this country. I hope your mother is in good health; give my best respects to her. No more to say at present.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

You may send this letter to Mr. Foy, Belfast.

Greenwood, Canada,
February 5, 1873.

SIR,—I write to let you know that me and my family are well and happy. You may mind that you sent me and my family of seven, in August last. I have seen part of a summer, and part of a winter. The summer was pretty hot, and the winter is pretty cold, still I have had as cold weather, and as hot in Ireland; but

not so long a spell at once as here, but it is not intclerable. This is a far better country for a poor man than at home. I found good employ ever since I came, and write to you to return you thanks for your kindness to me; for when I landed in Quebec, your agent read me your letter you sent to him, and he sent the seven of us up free, and gave us provisions to carry us up to Duffin's Creek. We are living five miles from that place, at a place called Greenwood, and like the place well. We got the best of board and kindness. My wife was very ill on the passage, but great praise is due to the doctor for his kindness to her. I am thinking of sending for some more of my family, and hope you will do as much for them as you done for me. The agent told me I could get a hundred acres of land for myself and one for my mistress, and every child over 18 years; so if I could get the rest of my family out, we could soon be ready to join it. I have a son and daughter-in-law, and a son in England. The children I have with me are the smallest, and if I could get some of the older, they could help us more to prepare for the free land. I have not had much time to save much since I came; I still have some saved, and would wish some of them out, if you would be so kind as to write me a few lines, and let me know if they can get out in April or May, at the same price, I would be thankful to you—our passage was £4 5s each. It is likely my son-in-law and daughter-in-law will come first; they have two children; they are small; his name is Sam. Stuart; he was reared at Dundonald, but they are living at Donaghadee; my son is the same name as myself—Wm. Cammack, I do not know how many of them are coming till I get their letter; so now I conclude by sending you my kind thanks for your kindness to me. My address is to the care of Alfred Meen, Postmaster, Greenwood, Pickering, Province of Ontario, Canada, for WILLIAM CAMMAK.

Please write soon, as I will know about them coming.

To Charles Foy, Esq.,
Belfast, Ireland.

Dresden, Province of Ontario, Canada,
February 8th, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I take this leave of addressing these few lines to you, as I think it my duty to my adopted country, and my countrymen at home. By all accounts I can see from Ireland, times are dull, and all expectation of a deal of emigrants coming to this country, and to the States, but it would be well for them to try Canada first; for men wishing to buy farms, there is any quantity for sale of cleared or brush land to suit purchasers, on easy terms; no better land in any part of America for wheat, oats, barley, peas, potatoes, and corn; our laws cannot be equalled in the world. A

man has all chances to do well, if he wishes high wages—for lumbering, £4 16s to £8 a month and board; for farming, £3 per month and board, is the general rate, and the men cannot be had. Female servants are very scarce, and get good wages. Sir, there is some young men coming out to me in the Spring; I wish you to forward them to Chatham, then they come to my place on stage, and I shall be obliged, if any of my countrymen call for my address, that you give it to them.

I remain, your obedient servant,

ROBERT GRAY.

To Charles Foy, Esq.,
Belfast, Ireland.

The writer of the above left the neighbourhood of Moira a poor man; he now owns 200 acres of land, and has paid the passages of seven farm labourers from his native place.—C. F.

Kingstown, Canada,
May 12, 1873.

SIR,—According to promise, I write to let you know how I have succeeded in Canada. Perhaps you will blame me for not writing sooner, but I thought it better to wait until I had a year's experience, and then I would be better able to give a true opinion of the country. In the first place, allow me to say that a great many people in the old country undervalue the advantages offered by the Canadian emigration aid passages, and think that the agents are nothing but a set of advertising quacks. Now, sir, I have had an opportunity of testing the matter, from the engaging of my passage until I got settled in Kingston; I found your advice profitable throughout, and your description true to the letter. On my arrival at Quebec, I gave your letter to the agent, who gave me a ticket for Kingston, and the address of parties here, to whom my wife had a letter of introduction. On our arrival at Kingston depot, the caretaker took charge of all our luggage, and provided a cab for the women and children, the men of the party walking down to the office, a distance of about a mile, where we were very kindly treated until we got employment, which we all had by the next day. Mr. MacPherson, the agent here, is a very kind gentleman, likewise Mr. Hitchin, the caretaker. Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention that is paid to emigrants here; they want for nothing while under their care; and now, sir, from my own experience, and the opinion of the public, I believe the government agents are gentlemen of the kindest natures. As regards the country, I need say little. It looks a little wild at first sight, and the impression usually made on the mind of emigrants, on their arrival, is that they want men, and indeed men are the only things they want, to make Canada

one of the finest countries in the world. There is a home here for every person that is willing to work, there are thousands of miles yet that the plough never touched, so none need fear, there is employment and good wages for all. The climate is delightful, with the exception of about ten piercing cold days in the winter, and the same of hot days in the summer, but a great deal depends upon the kind of work you may be engaged at for the time. On the hottest day we had last summer, I felt quite comfortable, although working in the open air, and, as for the winter, I walked a mile night and morning to my work, and never lost an hour, so it is not so bad after all as it is reported; although, on the whole, winter is colder than in Ireland, the air is more pure and bracing, and, I believe, a more healthy country than the former.

There is one sign of prosperity visible in Kingstown, that is, that for thirteen thousand inhabitants. I have neither seen pawnshop or beggar, so compare that with any town in Ireland. There are two carpenters from Belfast, who came out in the "Texas," joined work with my boss last week, their names are Anderson and McClure, as near as I can remember. There is room for a few good hands yet, I believe. Be sure to advise all mechanics to bring as many tools with them as possible, as edged tools are very dear here. Clothing is much the same price as in Belfast; provisions are cheap, especially beef. Accept my best thanks for your trouble, and believe me, dear sir,—Your most obedient servant,

JAMES BLACK,

Formerly of 63, Hanna Street, Belfast.

To Charles Foy, Esq.,
Emigration Commissioner,
Belfast.

Port Hope, June 23, 1873.

Richard MacPherson, Esq., Kingston,

DEAR SIR.—I wish you could send me two farm labourers who have been accustomed to farm work. I would employ them for any period from one to twelve months. I have three newly arrived emigrants now in my employment. I keep ten men, as I farm 450 acres, and have over 200 head of stock. My farm is situated two miles west of Port Hope, on the Lake Shore Road, in one of the finest grain growing sections of the Province. Almost any number of farm labourers could find immediate employment in this neighbourhood, at wages from 18 dols. to 24 dols. per month. I will guarantee the above wages to good men who have worked on a farm, say, from £3 12s 8d to £4 16s 8d sterling a month.

If they enquire at Port Hope, almost any one will direct them,

or, if they go west on the Grand Trunk, they can come to my place, as the train crosses my farm.—Yours truly,

THOMAS HARRISON,

Box 78, Port Hope, Ontario.

Letter to the Government Emigration Agent, at Kingston,
Canada.

Port Hope, July 7, 1873.

To Mr. MacPherson, Government
Agent at Kingston,

SIR,—We take the opportunity of thanking you very kindly, for your kindness you shewed us, when we called upon you, and we thank you likewise for sending us to Mr. Harrison; we have found him very kind to us in every respect, he has paid us with good wages for the first two months, and if we like the place after that we can stay on for the winter. Excuse these few lines.—We remain, yours most sincerely,

GEORGE RAE.

JAMES KENDNESS.

Port Hope, July 20, 1873.

Mr. MacPherson,

DEAR SIR,—I wish to let you know that I am working to Mr. Harrison, where you sent me; I get a dollar-and-a-quarter a day and will get that till all the harvest is over. It is a very fine country here. I like it much better than the States, I was there five years. Now I want to get out my family, and I hope you will get it done for me as cheap as possible. I would like you would write to Mr. Charles Fy. Belfast, and ask him how much the charge would be for three passages, as the money I have, I need to get a house prepared for them. My wife will pay the money there. I will be very thankful if you drop me a note, and let me know all I must do. Please let me hear soon.—Yours in respect,

JOHN PEDEN.

Care of Mr. Thomas Harrison, Port Hope.

The writer of the following (a German) was a baker in Marsh's
Confectionery Establishment, Belfast.

Brookville, Ontario, Canada,

21st July, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to write to you from such a fine country you did send me and my family to, you will remember the German pastry cook and confectioner you did send to Canada last Easter. I have a very good place here. I get 10 dols. a week wages, and can live with my family very well for 3 dols. a week, so I can

save as much every week as I had wages altogether in Ireland. Dear sir, if you want to make use of this letter, I would be glad to see pastry cooks and bakers coming out here, every day people advertise for them, and I have been a good deal known among the bakers and pastry cooks in Belfast, so it may induce some to come out. Dear sir, would you make use of this letter?—I remain your humble servant,

FERDINAND DUCIUS.

To Charles Foy, Esq.,
11, Claremont Street, Belfast.

Clarendon Centre, Co. Pontiac, Province of Quebec,
26th August, 1873.

SIR,—No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, you can look at your books, and you will find my name, C. W. Lloyd, booked for steamer "Texas," but I missed the "Texas," and came by the steamer "Missouri."

I gave your letter to Mr. Wills, Ottawa, and I am sure he acted very kindly to me, and got me a very good situation with a Mr. Shaw. I like the situation very much, and the people I am with are very nice people. If you could send out some more working men, there is plenty of work here for all. I would be glad if you would write to me, hoping I am not giving you too much trouble. I could not speak too lightly of this country; I did not like it at first, but now I like it first-class. I intend sending for my wife and little ones at once, and as they are living near Cork, could you arrange for a cheap way for them to get to Belfast. I have written to my wife, giving her your address; be good enough to send her as cheap and as comfortable as you possibly can. I think she will be ready about the 1st October next. I would be glad if you wrote to me.—Yours respectfully,
C. W. LLOYD.

To Charles Foy, Esq.,
Belfast, Ireland.

From an Emigrant who left in the Spring, 1873.

Castlemore, Canada, Oct. 12, 1873.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND BROTHER,—I now write these few lines, in answer to yours of the 10th, which found us all in good health, thank God, and I am very glad to see by it that you are all well, hoping this will find you the same; well now, dear mother, I hardly know what to say first, but I am happy to tell you that James is going to Toronto to-morrow, to send you £15 to bring you both to us. I hope and I trust in God you will get safe here. James will send the money to Mr. Darragh, you can get your passage at the same place as we did, as I have got the cheque for my money, that Mr. Foy gave me a certificate for, and I will get

it to-morrow. Well now, dear mother, father was over, and we were all together to-day, arranging about sending for you, he looks well ; it is only a fortnight since I seen him before. Dear mother keep a few shillings till you get to Quebec, to pay for provisions on your way to Toronto, and be sure and get the agent to write, as we done to father and James, for they knew the very day we were coming, and you can write to us before you start a few days, and some of us will meet you in Toronto, and dear brother, you will have to mind your things in Quebec, and get them checked for Toronto. Dear mother, a bit of oaten bread and butter is the best thing you could have on sea, and something to drink with it. I think I can tell you no more about your passage. James is with the same man he went to first, and is engaged again for another year at a hundred and sixty dollars ; his employer is an Englishman, he was very kind to us when we came out, and kept us some days and nights, and is always glad to see us if we go to see James. Now, mother, I have got little more to say ; we all join in sending you our kind love, hoping you will write soon, give our best respects to Mr. Darragh and family, so good bye, and may God protect you both on the passage.—Your affectionate daughter and sister,

MARY M'QUILLAN,
Castlemore Post Office,
Ontario, Canada West.

James got John's letter, but I don't think he will write, as there is no use of us both writing.

The writer of the following is too old and feeble to emigrate. He once held a good position in this country. and has left C. F.

Ballymacarrett, Belfast, 13th November, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Owing to your activity in procuring subscriptions, and Mrs. Foy's good nature, you were, under God, the means of sending my wife and her two daughters to Canada, in October of last year.

From the kindness of W. Johnston, Esq., M.P., in last July, who, through a friend of his, the family obtained (in the same house), comfortable situations. My wife writes in last month to her daughter, thus, after acknowledging Mr. Johnston's great attention ;—"This is a lovely country,—a country blessed with every comfort. I would not exchange this country, with all its labour, for any home I ever had in poor old Ireland. So my daughter may think how happy we are here, although we have to work—yet it is pleasant to be paid for our work."

Make any use of this you please.—Truly Yours,

C. Foy, Esq., Emigration Agent
for the Dominion of Canada.

Letter from a young man (one of five brothers), who left the neighbourhood of Moira, Co. Down. The men, named George and Isaac Banks, went from the same neighbourhood without any means, and now own a hundred acres of land:—

Dresden, Province Ontario, Canada,

March 3rd, 1872.

MY DEAR PARENTS.—I am now going to write you a few short lines—too long neglected—to let you know we are all well at present, and trust in God, who is the giver of all goodness, that you are both in good health, and enjoying every comfort which this world can afford. I had a letter from Jane a few days ago, she is well, and she thinks a great deal of this country. I may say that our winter is about gone, it has been a very pleasant one, and a great deal of work was done; it has been very dry since last July, you would scarcely get a drink in the country without sinking a well. We have been getting out square oak timber, as it is in great demand; we bought it off parties standing in the bush. We make it and draw it to the river, where it can be shipped to other countries. Men are very scarce in this country; men's wages are £4 a month in the winter, and from £5 to £6 in the summer. I think that there is no better place in the world than here, as work is plenty and men are not to be got for love or money. Last fall in the month of November, I paid George and Isaac Banks £8 each per month and board, and was glad to get them. They have bought 100 acres of land, and are living on it. The land here cannot be surpassed in any country. The tax is about sixpence to the pound, according to the real valuation of property; this pays all, school bill and all other taxes included, as the schools are free in this country. We can raise as good crops here as you can at home. I have out wheat one ton to the acre, and it was the seventh crop of fall wheat in succession, and the ground was never manured. As for my part, I like this place too well ever to leave it. Robert was telling me that Thomas Boyle is coming out in the Spring; you can tell him that if he comes he will find plenty of work. And all the young men thinking of leaving home I would advise them to come here, and we will find them all work as soon as they arrive; I can tell them what to do. I have little more to say. Anne and the two children are well, they join with me in sending our love to you, and also to Johnny and Minnie.—Your affectionate Son, “_____”

Thomas Boyle sailed on the 12th April.—C. F.

Petrolea, Ontario, March 7th, 1874.

Dear Sir,—I should have written to you before this, for to let you know how I got along in Canada, after the trouble that you took with me in giving me letters of recommendation to

the different agents in Ontario. I sailed from Londonderry on the 2nd of June, 1871, and I arrived in Quebec on the 13th of same month, having a very good passage; we were all well treated on board of the ship, our food being served in abundance. On arriving, our goods was taken care of, and shipped on the Grand Trunk Railway that night. Arrived at Kingstown on the 15th, I went to Mr. Macpherson, as you directed, he offered me several places, but finally sent me to Mr. Platt of Adelphiastown, on Hay Bay. I liked the place and the people very well, but the wages that he offered me as farm servant was too small for me to accept, he only offered 15 dollars (£3) per month, with house, garden, wood, and the grass of a cow, but I could not take that, as I could have done better at home. I only stopped six weeks, when I again started for Petrolca, the oil region of Canada. I arrived there in August, and found ready employment at good wages. I took piece work, and could often make 5 dollars (£1 1s) per day; as long as I worked that way, I could on an average make 2½ dollars (10s 6d). I stopped on at that to the month of January, when I went to work at James Lawson's refinery, as still man, at 2 dollars per day, with ground for house, oil to burn, garden, and grass for as many cows as I choose to keep, and as many pigs as I wish to raise, and often the present of two or three loads of wood. I am still with the same person, only at reduced wages, as the oil market has failed in price, and wages in all cases is lower. I get at present 9 dollars per week. I have three head of cattle, one pig, and lots of poultry, so that I have my own milk, butter, eggs, and pork. The markets here are in some cases very high. I will give you a list of the principal things in British money: flour, 100 lbs, 14s 6d; potatoes, 4s per bushel; eggs, 1s per dozen; butter, 1s 6d per lb.; beef, 4½d to 6d per lb.; boots and clothing is a little higher than at home, but the working man can live better than in Ireland, and has a good chance to raise himself to be the owner of a good farm, which I am working hard to do myself. I went this fall to see the free grant land at Muskoka, but the place did not suit me, and I did not settle. Perhaps you as one of the agents would like to hear the reason I spent a good deal of money and time in looking over the country. I went to Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway, thence to Washago by the Northern Railway, from thence to Gravenhurst by stage, and then to Bracebridge by steamboat up the river. I then travelled the different townships as far as Trading Lake by land. The country is principally pine and cedar timber, with timber of all sorts mixed through it. The land is broken with a great variety of lakes and red granite rocks, the largest I ever saw. The lakes are full of islands of different sizes, from an eighth of an acre to 1000 acres, all covered

JOHN ROWAN.

Charles Foy, Esq.

March 14, 1874.

"Dear Wife,—I take my pen once more to write you these few lines, to let you know that I am in good health, thank God for his kindness to us all in this world; hoping this will find you enjoying the same when it goes to hand. I received your letter on the 12th, I was glad to hear of your doing so well; but I was sorry that you were not willing to come to Canada. I do not rue coming, I have better health here than in Belfast, though the winter is very long, the storm has no sign of going away yet; you did not let me know if it was you sent me the newspaper I got a week ago. My dear wife, my time is in on the 19th. I was watching for your letter a week sooner, thinking I would hear the time you would be coming to see Canada. I would have looked for a place that would answer us, this is the right time of getting a place for to hire for a year. I can not do so now, not knowing till I hear from you again. I do not intend going home for this Easter, but I will leave where I am, I do not like this place as well as the first place I was in, but if you do not come out this spring it will disappoint me very much in getting a good situation. I was sorry of you wanting me home so soon, when I have the winter in; I will stay this summer, at any rate, before I go to see you. If I am spared health I will be able to get perhaps 5 dollars a month and good diet till then. I am laying out none that I can help. I do not smoke nor drink any, I suppose you will hardly believe that. I never was in more need of you than at present, every thing is going to the bad for want of your hands, my socks and shirts are all the worse of the wear. I was keeping up my heart, thinking you would be with me in June some time, you will write as soon as you get this letter, and let me know what

you will do about coming. I intended going to the city to pay your passage after this week till I get your letter. I might not be far away till I get your letter again; one thing I say, I like the country very well, we could live here first rate, you would not have to go to the factory if you were here, you would get plenty of good beef, it is only from 3 to 4 cents a pound. I have done very well since I came here this week, I will have about £25, that is in nine months. If I am spared I will have 12 more pounds before the year is in; do not delay in your next letter.

No more at this time, still your husband to death.

RICHARD LONGMOORE.

4, Elgin Terrace, Antrim Road,
May, 2nd, 1874.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is Wm. Farr's letter, which I only received from Glenavy this morning; you may make what use you like of it. It speaks well—his leaving last August with a wife and three young children, being able to send, as he has done, six pounds to his brother.—I am, yours very truly,

CHARLES WM. HARDING,
Curate—St. James Church.

Parry Sound, March 21st, 1874.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your favour of the 26th ult., informing me of your change of place, came duly to hand. I am glad to hear that you have such a fine class in your Sunday School, and that you have some Glenavy boys in it, to keep it fresh in your memory. As to getting some farmers to assist them out, on conditions of their paying it back again, is out of the question in this part of Canada, for it is but quite a new place, and the settlers are not all able to hire men, let alone assist emigrants out from the old country. But I think that if you would write to Mr. Donaldson, Emigration Agent at Toronto, that he would get them out, as he knows the best places to send them to, and might get a farmer to pay their way out, a letter coming from you would carry more weight with it, than from me, as you would state the case better than I could, for I know that the government are alive to the value of a healthy emigration, and encourage all they can. If I was outside among what man be called the *farmers* of Canada, I might be able to get some of them to assist them out, on condition of them working for them until it was paid up, but this district is new, and must have time to get the stumps out, so that the plough can do its work before it can be called a farming district; at present it is

a lumbering district, "timbering" and "saw logging" being the order of the day.

There has been a project started for founding a Temperance Colony in the townships of M^r Murrich and Perry, Parry Sound district. A joint stock company will be formed (the International Temperance Settlement Company), for the purpose of managing the affairs of the colony. If you would like to know more about the proposed colony, Mr. Donaldson, Toronto, would give all the particulars.

The land in this district is more or less rocky, but still contains sufficient good land to support a large population. Beautiful lakes and numerous streams, abounding in fish, diversify the country. I wrote to Frank last night, and I intend to send him six pounds in the course of a fortnight. I could not send him what would bring the family out, but I think that if you would apply to Mr. Donaldson, they might be got out cheaper, or in some way assisted.

We have an English and Methodist Church, day and Sunday Schools, and Orange and Temperance Hall, Court House, Post Office, flour stores, two saw mills, and a grist mill, and about 500 souls, so that as regards prayer meeting, &c., it is much better than might be expected in the backwoods of Canada. With best respects to Miss Harding and yourself.—I remain, your obedient servant,

Rev. Charles W. Harding.

W. FARR.

Thistleton, Canada,

4th May, 1874.

Dear Sir,—I must say that I do not rue the day that I left Belfast. I am getting on in Canada better than I could do in the old country; I get pay for my work, and you get the diet your master gets, and I am in better health than I had in Belfast. I send you the sum of £4 10s, you will please send my wife and child in a good vessel, and thence to Toronto; I will meet them there if God spares me till then.

RICHARD LONGMOORE.

Mrs. Longmoore and child sailed on the 3rd June, from Belfast.

C. F.

4, Elgin Terrace, Antrim Road,
May 7th, 1874.

My Dear Sir,—Yours received last night. The persons to whom Farr alludes in his letter, are his brother and brother-in-law, who have families. They are most anxious to get out, but should take their families with them, as there would be no

means of support for them until they could send for them. It would take more money than we could raise. Do you know of any farmers that would assist them out? Two or three of the brother-in-law's children are quite fit for work, the eldest being about sixteen. I will wait to write to Mr. Donaldson until I hear from you. I do not know of anyone for the places you speak of. Having left Glenavy, I have no opportunity of advising any of the superabundant labouring classes there, to try their fortune in the Dominion of Canada. It is very pleasant to get such good accounts from Farr, who, when in Glenavy, was a fisherman, living in a wretched hut on the shores of Lough Neagh, just able, and no more, to get the bare necessities of life.—I am, yours very truly,

CHARLES WM. HARDING.

My Dear Sir,—In July, 1872, I wrote to you for a pamphlet entitled—"Canada as a Field for Emigration," I received it by return of post, after reading it, I sent you the fare of passage, and I immediately received in return a ticket to sail on the 19th July, '72, which I did, and landing in Canada on the first August, '72; being then a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, many told me that I would lament my change of a light occupation, to go to work hard. I was recommended to the Chief of Police, Toronto, by the gentleman you gave me the letter to, and in one month I was under double the pay that I got in Ireland; it is only when a vacancy occurs that a situation can be got here on the city force. I like the climate well, although it is very cold in winter, yet, with extra clothing, we can make ourselves more comfortable than in Ireland, enlivened with the trotting of horses beating time as it were to the chimings of sleigh-bells, sailing-boat like, along the snowy streets.

As I have prospered so well, I want to recommend two cousins of mine to the care and instructions of you and the agents on this side the ocean; I am sending them the money to pay their passage to Canada, they are stout, able young men, and very industrious, and the very thing I know suits this country, their names are respectively Samuel Logan, and James Alexander Logan, they have no money but what I sent them, so I hope you will do the same for them as you done for me, they are single, and will be wanting to go on a farm. With kindness,

I remain, yours sincerely,

ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

Charles Foy, Esq., Belfast.

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